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VICTOR EMMANUEL AT VIENNA AND BERLIN.

THE Archbishop of PARIS and the political and religious fanatics whom he represents have received, in the accounts of the reception of the King of ITALY at Vienna and Berlin, the most significant answer to the late indecorous Pastoral. Clerical politicians not only disregard national honour and general expediency in their exclusive pursuit of sectarian objects, but they are often as injudicious in their choice of means as they are unscrupulous in their exclusive preference for corporate interests. It was highly imprudent to pledge the party which seeks to be dominant in France to a foreign and aggressive war as the first result of its success. The cause of legitimate Monarchy can only be weakened by the announcement that it would involve new and gratuitous sacrifices; nor was it necessary to give notice to foreign Powers that the restoration of so-called order in France implied a general commotion in Europe. M. THIERS, notwithstanding his obstinate antipathy to Italian unity, has uniformly proclaimed a peaceful policy, at least until France may have the opportunity of forming some powerful alliance. The Ultramontane faction has now done its utmost to alienate Austria while it challenges the hostility of Italy and Germany. The King of ITALY would have been in any circumstances courteously received at Vienna, but his relations with the Austrian Empire have during the greater part of his reign been those of open antagonism. The EMPEROR and his subjects might indeed well afford to forgive the losses which were associated with the victories of Custoza and Lissa; but the only capacity in which the Austrians could regard the KING as an ally was as the representative of national independence against the pretensions of Rome. The clerical faction took care to point the meaning of the popular applause by offering feeble affronts to the Royal visitor. The general favour with which he was received expressed the repugnance both of Austria and of Hungary to the revival of the policy of the extinct Concordat. The Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH, though he may perhaps retain the personal preferences of his youth, has long since felt the necessity of choosing between national opinion and ecclesiastical tendencies. In his exchange of courtesies with the alleged usurper of the sovereignty of Rome he has taken one more occasion to repudiate all disposition to engage in a Papal crusade. The lay Catholic world, which is supposed in polemical literature to be outraged by the abolition of the POPE's temporal power, seems, except among a portion of the French population, and perhaps in Ireland, to be nearly unanimous in its approval of the Italian occupation of Rome.

It happens, as the French Ultramontanes ought to have known, that a good understanding with Italy at present implies a genuine reconciliation between Austria and Germany. The foresight of BISMARCK was never so conspicuously illustrated as in his anticipation that the victories of 1866 would ultimately terminate the chronic conflict of policy between Austria and Prussia. Until the Confederacy of 1814 was destroyed, the rivalry of the two great German Powers for supremacy in the Diet was inevitable and perpetual; yet, as the possession of Lombardy exposed Austria to the periodical risk of a French war, so a policy mainly directed to German interests weakened the monarchy by alienating the sympathies of Hungary. The cession of the Italian provinces, effected simultaneously with the compulsory retirement of Austria from the German Federation, while it terminated all risk of collision with Italy and France, prepared the way for the compromise with Hungary which was effected by the sagacity and determination of

Count BEUST. The loss to Austria was rather of serious liabilities than of valuable possessions; and as wounded susceptibilities have become partially blunted by the lapse of time, judicious Austrian politicians have become less and less disposed to cherish a barren feeling of resentment. The welcome offered to the King of ITALY represented, not only the final rejection of ecclesiastical supremacy, but deliberate condonation of the arrangements between Italy and Prussia which prepared the way for the struggle of 1866. Indeed the policy of the Italian Government was at that time so indirect and complex that Germany, rather than Austria, might resent the past, if it were not expedient to think of the present and the future. There is consequently no longer any reason for a separate alliance with France, either in support of the claims of the POPE or for the purpose of weakening the German Empire. The new-born friendship between the Emperor of AUSTRIA and the King of ITALY may perhaps be sincere, but it is politically more important that mutual good-will should be professed than that it should be really entertained. But for the foolish menaces of the clerical party in France, it is possible that the Italian Ministers might not have succeeded in persuading the KING to cross the Alps for ceremonious visits to Vienna and Berlin. His own leaning to France is well known; but he is not disposed to sacrifice to sentimental considerations the interests of his Crown and the security of Italy. The act which the Archbishop of PARIS denounces has now received formal sanction.

At Berlin the King of ITALY was secure from the exhibitions of hostility which were attempted by the Ultramontane party at Vienna. The German Government is fully aware both of his understanding with NAPOLEON III. in 1866 and of his imprudent proposal to send a contingent to the aid of the French during the war of 1870; but statesmen have no disposition to indulge in idle recriminations. Germany and Italy have at present two common interests, as both are threatened by the intrigues of the Roman Catholic priesthood and by the restlessness of France. It has been the peculiar folly of Rome under the present POPE to oppose the measures which are most indispensable to the welfare of nearly every great European State. The temporal dominion of the Holy See might probably have been retained if the POPE had not, after the dissipation of his earlier illusions, deliberately set himself against the consolidation of the Italian Monarchy. Down to the present time, instead of recognizing the title which has been universally accepted by Europe, he still affects to believe that VICTOR EMMANUEL is only King of SARDINIA. When the Emperor of AUSTRIA was forced to concede representative government to his Western States, and to recognize the ancient Constitution of Hungary, the Roman Catholic hierarchy were encouraged to prefer insolent appeals from the Parliament to the Sovereign who had renounced his own pretensions to absolute power. The rebuff which the prelates then received has been followed by many additional warnings that the subordination of the State to the Church is at an end. One of the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries has lately been compelled, by the risk of incurring a heavy fine, to withdraw a circular in which he had instructed his clergy to refuse obedience to a legal mandate. The Prussian Government would have gladly maintained friendly relations with the Roman Catholic Church if the POPE and the clergy had been content to remain neutral in the struggle for German unity and in the consequent war with France. The retirement of the French garrison from Rome and the occupation of the capital by the Italians were incidental results of the war which had probably not been either contemplated or desired by the

Government of Berlin. The POPE and his French adherents have now contrived to provide the King of ITALY with a formidable supporter in the contingency of any conflict with the ecclesiastical party. Prince BISMARCK would not regard with indifference a French expedition to Rome; and, on the other hand, in the event of a renewal of the war between France and Germany, the Italians could scarcely fail to understand that their own independence and the unity of their territory depended on the success of those who have lately become their natural allies. No formal treaty will be required to secure the joint action of Powers which are exposed to a common enemy.

The Royal visits may perhaps have furnished an opportunity for discussing the course to be adopted by the different Powers on the approaching vacancy in the Holy See. The traditional custom by which three chief Catholic Powers were allowed to interfere in the elections at Rome has, through a change of circumstances, become obsolete. The Republican Government of Spain has ceased to profess adherence to the Catholic Church; nor would its title at the present moment be recognized either by the Cardinals or by foreign Powers. The Austrian Government is regarded with suspicion at Rome; and the more prudent members of the Conclave will not be disposed to accept the dictation of France. The electors will be concerned to maintain the predominance of Italian interests, while the majority will probably be hostile to the Italian Government. Rumours that the reigning POPE has taken measures for overruling the liberty of election are consistent with the arrogant and usurping temper which has led PIUS IX. into so many dangerous innovations. The wishes of a deceased POPE have in former times been habitually treated with contemptuous disregard; but the ultra-clerical faction which is allied with the priests might probably take advantage of any pretext to defeat their temporizing or political opponents. If the freedom of election is openly violated, it is not improbable that the European Governments may refuse to recognize the successor of the present POPE. If no irregularity vitiates the election, the new POPE will have to decide whether he will come to terms with the Italian Government or retire from Rome. It is improbable that the present anomalous arrangement should survive the present POPE. The attitude of a voluntary prisoner would be too absurd a result of a new election. It is scarcely probable that the Italians will allow any POPE who may be chosen to exercise a shadowy sovereignty in the same city which is the seat of the national Government, and it is certain that a POPE who voluntarily leaves Rome will never be allowed to return. The obstinate perversity of the present POPE has brought the Holy See as a political institution to the verge of ruin; and his death will probably be the signal for grave disasters to the Church. The election of a dispassionate statesman might perhaps postpone the catastrophe.

THE DOVER ELECTION.

IT is not easy at this moment to say whether there is most danger of over-estimating or of under-estimating the strength of the Conservative reaction. On the one hand it is true that, though the Opposition have gained a good many seats, they have a far larger number to gain before they can count upon having even a bare majority in the House of Commons. It is true further that no amount of partial elections can constitute a perfectly trustworthy guide to the gross result of a general election. Partial elections are almost always more favourable to the party in Opposition than they are to the party in power, and the probability of their being so increases in proportion to the strength of the Ministerial majority. If Mr. GLADSTONE had a majority of five or ten votes, every election would be important, and the strength and devotion of the Liberal party in the constituency would be subjected to a conclusive test. But when his majority is still amply sufficient to carry him safely through every really important division, there is no paramount need for the Liberal party to be up and doing whenever a vacancy happens to occur. Even if the Conservatives do win the seat, it is easy to say that it can make no practical difference, and this argument is one which, when used by an indolent and discontented supporter, canvassers find it hard to meet. At a general election there is no room for reasoning of this sort. The majority has still to be created, and every constituency feels that it rests as much with it as with any other to determine of what complexion it shall be. It is quite conceivable,

therefore, that many of the recent Conservative victories may, when a general election comes, be turned into Conservative defeats. On the other hand, though there may not be much meaning in the number of these victories, there is something which it is hard not to regard as significant in their unbroken regularity. If the Conservative gain were merely a gain on the balance of elections, it would not be at all surprising; but it is certainly strange that one election after another should thus go in their favour, and that none be found to go against them. It was natural that, in the first instance, those who offered these partial elections as a sample of what a general election would be should be asked to prove that they were a fair sample. But when time after time the hand is dipped into the sack, and the same kind of sample comes out, it is necessary for those who deny that these partial elections are a fair sample of what may be expected at the general election to show cause for their disbelief. We do not say that this time has come for the Liberal party, but it certainly looks as though its arrival could not be long delayed. This may perhaps account for the impression that one of the pending elections—some say Bath, and some Taunton—will be accepted by the Ministry as a test of the general feeling of the country, and will determine the course to be pursued.

It is not clear, however, how much of the apparent reaction in favour of Conservatism is due to the unpopularity of the Ministry, and how much to the sudden relaxation of party ties which has necessarily resulted from the Ballot. This relaxation would, under any circumstances, have been more apparent in the supporters of the Ministry than in the supporters of the Opposition. The Opposition leaders have had no recent opportunity of making themselves disliked. They have had no measures to pass, and no places to give away. Consequently no one has been aggrieved by their legislation, or irritated by their distribution of patronage. The Ministry, on the contrary, have to contend against both forms of unpopularity, and after five years of office it would be a miracle if these causes had not availed to alienate many of their supporters. Formerly alienation did not necessarily mean desertion; now it almost always will mean it. Formerly a voter had to consider not only how he should answer to himself for his vote, but how he should answer for it to his neighbours. Now he can vote against his party and nobody be the wiser. He can hold his tongue and refuse as a matter of principle to answer questions; or, if that course is too suggestive, he can allow it to be supposed that he has voted as he always voted before. Either way there is no polling-book to betray him. The particular circumstances under which the Ballot came into operation made it peculiarly likely that the Liberal voters would run wild as soon as they could do so without detection. The great measures which had been carried by such triumphant majorities in the earlier years of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Administration were calculated to excite secret discontent as well as open enthusiasm. There must have been many good Protestants among the Liberal electors who only half liked to see the Irish Church disestablished and the equality of Popery and Protestantism proclaimed in Ireland. There must have been many among the middle-class voters that sent up men pledged ten times over to support the Government, who in their hearts felt more sympathy with the landlords whose legal rights were invaded by the Irish Land Bill than with the tenants whom the PRIME MINISTER was resolved to emancipate. The Ballot has given these uneasy consciences an occasion of relieving themselves. They can punish the Government by voting against it without the annoyance of acknowledging that their dissatisfaction has its source in the very measures which they instructed their representatives to support.

The Dover election has a particular interest of its own apart from its bearing on the prospects of the Government. Mr. FORBES was something more than the Liberal candidate; he was in a special sense the Railway candidate. This latter capacity suggests two reasons why even Liberals may be glad that he has been defeated. The first is that the Railway interest is already a great deal too strong in the House of Commons. It is true that last Session it was unable to defeat the Railway Traffic Act Amendment Bill; but in this case it had arrayed against it the whole trading community. Every merchant was interested in getting his goods conveyed with reasonable speed, and in having the means of knowing beforehand what the total cost of their carriage would come to. The points on which the Railway interest is so strong are points affecting passengers rather than goods. Railway travellers have no organization and no means of making

their complaints listened to in Parliament. When they are maimed or killed they have a kind of rough justice dealt out to them under Lord CAMPBELL'S Act; but if they ask to be protected against accidents instead of having damages awarded them in consideration of accidents, the Legislature is consistently deaf to their prayers. So long as this state of things continues we have no wish to see any more railway directors returned to Parliament. No matter what their politics or their professions may be, they are sure to be found on the same side whenever the railway autocracy is threatened. Why Railway Companies should resent being compelled to take precautions against accident which, if they read their interests aright, they would take without being compelled, it is not easy to say. But, whatever may be their reasons for resisting, there is a wonderful unanimity about their resistance. Be they Liberals or Conservatives, they are always to be found in the same lobby when a Railway Bill is under discussion. And as it is to be hoped that one result of the extraordinary number of railway accidents which have taken place this summer will be the introduction of a Bill to subject the Companies to a more stringent control than at present, we are heartily glad that Mr. FORBES has not been returned to record his vote against it.

The second reason for satisfaction at the result of the Dover election is the fact that it involved the defeat of a candidate who had had recourse to a form of persuasion which, though it does not come within the legal definition of corruption, is quite as mischievous in its character and consequences as anything that is called corruption in an Act of Parliament. Whatever effect the Ballot may have upon bribery of individuals, it seems likely to increase bribery of constituencies. To give 5*l.* to A. or B. with no positive assurance that the vote you have bought and paid for will not after all be given to your opponent, may now perhaps be accounted a reckless form of expenditure. But to promise 1,000*l.* to the borough in the shape of local improvements is more likely to catch votes under the Ballot than under a system of open voting. The consideration for the proposed outlay is the return of a particular candidate, and unless this return is secured the money will not be paid. Consequently every elector who hopes to benefit in his own person by the advantages promised to the constituency has a direct interest in voting for this candidate, and the Ballot enables him to consult this interest without the annoyance of avowing that he prefers his pocket to his principles. It might have been difficult for a Liberal to vote for a Conservative, or for a Conservative to vote for a Liberal, merely because the candidate in whose favour this sudden conversion had been wrought had promised to build a new dock or open a new railroad. Enthusiastic politicians would have called the change by some harder name than conversion, and to be known as a turncoat among his friends may do a man more harm than the promised improvements could do him good. The Ballot spares the voter this inconvenience, and enables him to consult his wishes by his vote at the same time that he consults his character by his talk. It is to be feared that the experiment will be tried with greater success in other instances, but it is some satisfaction to find that it has failed in the case of Dover.

THE CIVIL WARS IN SPAIN.

IN one of his late speeches Señor CASTELAR expressed surprise and regret at finding that the Cantonal insurrection had thrown discredit on the principle of Federalism. It has generally been thought that NERO and DOMITIAN furnished an instructive comment on the tendencies of unqualified despotism; and all but the extreme advocates of democracy are inclined to doubt the merits of a revolution which culminated in the Reign of Terror. The division of an ancient Monarchy into thirteen partially independent States, to be still united by a Federal bond, seemed to the majority of Spaniards, and to nearly all foreigners, a questionable experiment. In the imagination of CASTELAR and his Republican allies the lines of division were not to exceed a certain breadth, and the connecting link was by some mysterious process to be at all times made sufficiently strong; but the enthusiasm which assumed the condition of uniform prosperity, and provided against neither excess nor failure, provoked astonishment rather than admiration. The only instruments for the accomplishment of the task were revolutionists of an anarchical type, and the only precedent for the undertaking was supplied by the Commune of Paris.

The Uncompromising faction had, before the fall of the Monarchy, openly proclaimed their intention of subverting society; and with a premature candour they had by anticipation denounced CASTELAR and his friends as retrograde traitors. As he lately told the Cortes, Pr Y MARGALL, who was one of the principal leaders of the party, and CASTELAR himself, entertain different political opinions; and he was probably aware that some of his colleagues shared with the enlightened SUÑER the conviction that orthodox Republics of the extreme socialist and atheistic faith were entitled to perpetual impunity, even when they rose in armed rebellion. CASTELAR himself has proved that he is neither a blind fanatic nor a dishonest intriguer; but, in common with other Spanish politicians, he is incapable of tolerating forms of government which happen not to suit his preconceived notions of perfection. If he had reflected calmly on the condition and prospects of his country, he would have found himself nearer in political opinion to the supporters of the Monarchy than to the wild theorists and unprincipled adventurers who form the bulk of the Republican party. There are and there have been orderly Republics, and the greatest which now exists is constituted on the Federal system. The craziest speculator would scarcely dream of establishing royalty in the United States, although American journalists in want of an exciting topic have lately suggested that General GRANT is about to imitate JULIUS CÆSAR. A Republic in Spain could only mean the temporary supremacy of the rabble which called itself Republican.

The renovators of society, with every disposition to extravagance, have for the most part proved themselves incapable even of discharging with efficiency the paramount duty of insurrection. At Seville, at Malaga, and at Granada their weakness was found equal to their wickedness, although the forces of which the Government disposed were inadequate to overcome serious resistance. It is unluckily impossible to guard against the incessant renewal of disturbance and danger. It is announced one day that a Socialist municipality has been elected at Cadiz, and on another that deputies from Barcelona have arrived at Madrid with demands for the establishment of Cantonal independence in Catalonia. In general it may be assumed that the thoroughgoing or Uncompromising Federalists are everywhere ready to rebel, if only they can be guaranteed against the necessity of fighting. For some time past Carthage alone has maintained the cause of provincial independence, and it is now said that the insurgent leaders are treating with the Central Government for an amnesty or a compromise. In the meantime the rebel leader is allowed to publish a newspaper at Madrid, in which he naturally defends the principles which he is more practically asserting by civil war. The rebel ships of war are still cruising along the coast to levy contributions; and a few days ago the town of Alicante was only saved from an unprovoked bombardment by the protests and threats of the Admiral commanding an English squadron. As it is probable that the Spanish Government may again require the good offices of English naval commanders, it is satisfactory to learn that the Ministers have acknowledged, by the release of the vessel and crew, the irregularity of the capture of the *Deerhound*. The threatened bombardment of Alicante was perhaps the most extravagant illustration which has yet occurred of the prevailing anarchy. That every Canton should be subject to invasion by the forces of every neighbouring community is perhaps a logical result of the Federal doctrine. During the middle ages the same kind of Federalism prevailed in many parts of Europe, though even a feudal baron would, if possible, devise some plausible excuse when he attacked his neighbour's castle for the purpose of collecting money and provisions. The Welsh potentate, according to the poet, thought it better to carry off the valley sheep than the mountain sheep, because they were fatter; and accordingly he made an expedition which resembled in its motives the cruise of the *Numancia* and her consort. It would seem that the Government of Madrid is unable to reinforce the besieging army, and perhaps the insurgent leaders may think it prudent to negotiate while the weakness of their adversary still enables them to treat on equal terms.

CASTELAR and his colleagues seem at last to understand that the disorder which they and their adherents have produced is incompatible with the liberty which they have spent their lives in proclaiming as indispensable. The measures adopted by the Minister seem judicious and

therefore justifiable, though they are without exception inconsistent with the cherished principles of his life. The first business is to get rid of the Cortes which was the sacred product of universal suffrage. The majority has with difficulty been persuaded to vote for a prorogation till February, when it will probably not be thought necessary to reassemble for another adjournment. The Cabinet will in the meantime provide as best it can for the preservation of public security, and for the prosecution of the Carlist war. The most necessary object is the formation of a disciplined army; but in issuing decrees for enlistment and for calling out reserves, the Government appears to be thus far twisting a rope of sand. If obedience can by any means be secured, there seems no objection to the Ministerial decisions. The constitutional guarantees throughout Spain are suspended, as they have always been suspended when there was any room for their operation. Every Spaniard above the age of eighteen must provide himself with a passport before he moves from home; and all authorizations to carry arms are withdrawn. The newspapers are forbidden to publish incitements to insurrection, or any but official news of the movements of troops. The Ministers have unlimited authority to raise funds for the public service either by taxes or loans. In general it may be said that the Government will act at its discretion; and there can be no doubt that moderate and patriotic Spaniards will approve of the assumption of absolute power. Unfortunately authority depends upon force; and it seems that the recruits who are raised either refuse to obey the requisition or desert on the first opportunity to the Carlists or to the Socialist insurgents. The party of which the present Ministers are the most eminent chiefs is principally responsible for the dissolution of military discipline. They are now ready to adopt the only methods of suppressing anarchy; but they might as well have allowed their predecessors to save them the trouble. The conqueror in the old story proposed to himself to live at home at ease as soon as he had made the triumphant circuit of the world. The philosopher replied that, on the whole, it would perhaps be simpler to stay at home instead of starting on his expedition. Perhaps the best proof of CASTELAR's sincere patriotism is his expressed determination to employ against the Carlists and insurgents generals and officers of all political parties. If it is true that he has rejected an offer of service from GARIBALDI, he has had an opportunity of displaying his good sense. CASTELAR himself belongs, or belonged, to the sect of MAZZINI, which is regarded as heretical by the militant Republic according to GARIBALDI.

It is difficult, even with the aid of an intelligent English newspaper Correspondent, to trace the progress of the Carlist campaign. Whenever a skirmish takes place, the Royalists and the Republicans publish diametrically opposite narratives of the result, agreeing only in a trifling estimate of the losses on either side. A short time ago the Carlists failed in a scheme for blockading a considerable Republican force in Tolosa, nor have they lately claimed any considerable advantage. On the other hand, it is asserted that they have now upwards of forty thousand men in arms, and some of their troops are both earnest in the cause and tolerably disciplined. It still seems probable that their achievements will be confined to a practical illustration of the principle of Federalism in the Northern provinces, although they may count a few partisans in the centre and the South. The monstrous alliance between the Catholic Royalists and the extreme Socialists seems to be limited to a few districts, and probably it is directed only to military objects. Perhaps the most formidable enemies of the Republic will be hereafter found in the party which has withdrawn itself from public action since the abdication of King AMADEO. Nearly all the supporters of Monarchy, with the exception of the Carlists, are now agreed in the choice of ALFONSO, the son of ISABELLA, and they have a good excuse in the age of their candidate for not prematurely urging his claims. Notwithstanding the eloquent commonplaces in which CASTELAR still indulges, it can scarcely be doubted that for many years to come all respectable Spaniards will regard the Republic with unqualified aversion. The inglorious memory of several reigns will be effaced by the fresher recollection of universal confusion and helplessness resulting almost exclusively from the experiment of a Federal Republic.

THE CANADIAN SCANDAL.

THE charge against the Canadian Ministers was one of those accusations which almost prove themselves, unless they are met by a summary denial. When Sir JOHN MACDONALD declined to state whether his published correspondence with Sir HUGH ALLAN was spurious or authentic, he virtually admitted his guilt. That a Prime Minister should in the midst of a general election receive money for political purposes from a public contractor was an intolerable scandal; but as the inculpated members of the Cabinet still asserted their innocence, it was proper to wait for further evidence before a definite judgment was passed on their conduct. It now appears that Sir JOHN MACDONALD admits the receipt from Sir HUGH ALLAN of 9,000*l.*, to be applied to the purposes of the election; but he still contends that the payment, or the understanding on which it was made, formed no part of the consideration for the concession of the Pacific Railway contract. It is barely possible that the Canadian Ministers may have persuaded themselves that they would have given the contract to Sir HUGH ALLAN even without receiving a pecuniary equivalent; but no quibble can explain away the motive of the contractors for paying a large sum of money to Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his associates; and it is not disputed that they received the expected consideration. Sir HUGH ALLAN himself may be believed when he asserts that his own objects were exclusively commercial; and that, except as far as the railway project was concerned, he took no interest in the result of the election. It is perfectly evident that he intended the payments to operate as a bribe; and that his expectations were fully justified by the event. The transaction would have been baser, but not more defensible, if the recipients had applied the whole of the money to their private purposes. There are degrees in personal and political guilt, and it is more criminal to obtain a corrupt personal profit than to secure by the same methods the success of a party; yet it must not be forgotten that the return of a Ministerial majority implied the maintenance in lucrative office of the persons who had sold a public interest committed to their charge for the price with which they purchased their own continuance in power. The pretence that the transfer of large sums of money bore no relation to the grant of the contract is too flagrantly absurd to deserve refutation. The accused confess the material fact, though they dispute an inference as inevitable as if it were a legal presumption.

The Commission to which so much objection was raised seems to have done its work fairly; or rather it had little to do. The acts of the Ministers were too distinctly proved to admit of denial; and consequently the inquiry seems to have been shortened by confession. It is said that the Chairman of the Commission was himself a party to the corrupt transaction; and it is therefore not surprising that the promoters of the Parliamentary inquiry should have refused to take part in the substituted proceedings. The rapidity and facility of the investigation seem to prove that the charges were unnecessarily and improperly withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the House of Commons. Although it appeared that a Committee of the House had, through an oversight in the Constitutional Act, no power to administer oaths, it was for the House itself to determine whether sworn testimony was indispensable. Before impeachment became obsolete in England the charges which were afterwards to be preferred before the proper tribunal were prepared by Committees of the House of Commons on statements which could in no case be verified by oath. It must have been wholly immaterial whether Sir JOHN MACDONALD swore to the admission that he had received a large sum of money for purposes of corruption from a Government contractor. If the House of Commons had declined to act on his confession, the majority would have proved themselves accomplices of his guilt; and although they aided in postponing his conviction, it is unreasonable to assume that they would have deliberately adopted the responsibility of his conduct. The ease with which the main charge has been proved also throws a doubt on the wisdom, though not on the good faith, of Lord DUFFERIN's strict adherence to the technical rules of Parliamentary government. In general it may be said that the Governor-General of Canada is bound to act on the advice of his Ministers, even where he may disapprove of their policy; but fraud, which vitiates all contracts, may also be regarded as introducing an exception to constitutional maxims. If the Ministers are themselves guilty of corruption, they cease to represent the will of Parliament and of the community; and the repre-

sentative of the Crown is bound himself to provide for the welfare of the Dominion. It would apparently not have been difficult to ascertain from the accused Ministers themselves that they had received payment for a public concession, and that the money had been employed for the purpose of influencing the constituencies. If Lord DUFFERIN were personally satisfied of the guilt of the accused persons, he might well have insisted that the facts which were known to himself should be at once submitted to the judgment of the House of Commons.

The true reason of Lord DUFFERIN's assent to the prorogation may perhaps have been the difficulty of procuring the attendance of members from distant parts of the country, who had not expected that Parliament would meet for the despatch of business. It will now be his duty to dismiss his Ministers, unless they anticipate his interference by resignation; and he will necessarily select their successors from the ranks of the Opposition. If the majority of the House of Commons refuses its confidence to new Ministers, they will have an irresistible claim to a dissolution, although the present Parliament has been elected within the year. The expenditure of a large sum by Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his associates in securing the return of themselves and their supporters throws a doubt on the claim of the present House to represent the opinion of the country. With or without a new Parliament, the party which has long been excluded from power will probably enjoy office until the memory of the recent scandals has become partially obliterated by time. There is unfortunately little reason to hope that the public administration will be improved by the necessary change. The assailants of the present Government were as loud and as bitter in their denunciations of Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his colleagues before the late exposure as since they have obtained an unexpected triumph. Canada has for some years possessed the great advantage of a permanent body of rulers who had time to acquire the art of Government. It seemed that a school of statesmen had gradually been formed which might transmit to the next generation sound traditions of policy and government. The offence of those who have betrayed their trust is greatly aggravated by their sacrifice of public esteem and respect. The Canadians took a reasonable pride in contrasting their conspicuous politicians with the intriguers and adventurers who sometimes exercise power in the neighbouring Republic. They will now be forced to confess that they have a Pacific Railway scandal of their own, as much graver than the *Crédit Mobilier* fraud as the office of Chief Minister of Canada was more important than the sinecure function of Vice-President of the United States. The indignation which has been expressed by the organs of the Canadian Opposition may perhaps have been perfectly sincere; but it will be in some degree attributed to factious motives. It is satisfactory to learn that a section of the Conservative majority supported the motion for Parliamentary inquiry into the conduct of the Ministers. The remainder of the party may possibly have believed in their innocence, or may have thought that they were entitled to the benefit of a doubt.

It is not a little annoying that three or four of the practitioners of corruption should have borne titles which were properly thought to imply a fit recognition of colonial distinction. Sir JOHN MACDONALD, the late Sir GEORGE CARTIER, and Sir HUGH ALLAN were designated as fit candidates for the favour of the Crown by the local position which they owed to the confidence of the Canadian Parliament and of the constituencies. Sir FRANCIS HINCKES had been engaged beyond the limits of Canada in the service of the Crown. English Secretaries of State cannot be accused of trafficking in the colonial honours at their disposal for the purpose of rewarding either party services or subserviency to the Home Government. The most conspicuous politicians were selected for decoration in the reasonable hope that titular distinction would both promote their self-respect and gratify the community to which they belonged. In England a title may sometimes be granted on insufficient grounds; but it is rarely liable to be degraded by the personal unworthiness of the recipient. It fortunately happens that the Imperial Government has few lucrative contracts to dispose of, although its agents may sometimes blunder, as in the arrangement for the postal service of Zanzibar. The possible profits to be made from the concession of the Intercolonial Pacific Railway were too much for the virtue of Ministers on one part and of speculators on the other. The English guarantee probably

increased the eagerness of Sir HUGH ALLAN and his competitors to obtain the opportunity of dealing with large sums of money. It remains to be seen whether the Parliament of the Dominion may not rescind a contract which has been secured by corrupt means. The English promise of a guarantee will not be affected by any irregularity in the proceedings. Between England and the Dominion valuable consideration was given for the guarantee, and it would be irrelevant to object that the Canadian Commissioner at Washington was the Minister who afterwards received money on account of the concession of the railway contract. The sole duty which devolves on the Home Government in consequence of the exposure is to form a judgment on the course which has been adopted by the GOVERNOR-GENERAL. If Lord DUFFERIN has in a difficult case inclined too much to a strict construction of his constitutional duty, the purity of his motives will certainly not be questioned.

THE ROYALISTS AND THE COUNT OF CHAMBORD.

FOR the last few days French politicians have been chiefly occupied with considering and interpreting the account of the interview between MM. MERVEILLEUX-DUVIGNAUX and DE SUGNY and the Count of CHAMBORD which appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday. The first remark that suggests itself as to this interview is that the deputies who conducted the negotiation on behalf of the Royalists both belong to the Extreme Right. Considering that the conditions offered for the Count of CHAMBORD's acceptance, if any are offered, will be framed by the moderate section of the party, it is significant that this section should not have been represented in the deputation. The Extreme Right has no difficulty about accepting HENRY V. upon any terms, or upon none; why then should the Extreme Right go to Frohsdorf to ascertain what terms HENRY V. is likely to agree to? Supposing that in England certain moderate Liberals were considering whether they could accept Mr. DISRAELI as their political chief, they would hardly be satisfied if Colonel TAYLOR and Mr. CHAELEY went to Hughenden, and brought back consoling assurances that everything would be arranged to their satisfaction. Yet the differences which part extreme Conservatives from moderate Liberals are a mere nothing by the side of the gulf which separates the partisans of Divine Right from the partisans of Constitutional Monarchy. Obviously the only explanation is that the Count of CHAMBORD could not be trusted to receive any but deputies of his own way of thinking. A representative of the Right Centre would either have found him obstinately silent or fatally frank. He would either have refused to make any statement of his intentions, or he would have made one which must have broken up the Fusion.

The expedient of entrusting the negotiation to deputies of the Extreme Right was so far successful that the Count of CHAMBORD consented to speak, and spoke with great reserve. He had four-and-twenty hours given him to consider what he should say; and if it was his object to make his meaning obscure, he certainly used the interval well. On the first day, it seems, only MM. MERVEILLEUX-DUVIGNAUX and DE SUGNY spoke. They disclaimed all intention of bringing an ultimatum, and directed the Count's attention to the religious question, the Constitution, and the Flag. On the second day the Count of CHAMBORD spoke upon all these three points. He began by thanking the deputies for not bringing an ultimatum; the truth no doubt being that, had they done so, he would have felt bound to reject it. As regards the religious question the Count's language was fairly satisfactory. There has never been any solid reason to fear that a restoration would involve France in a war with Italy; indeed we have no expectation that the Count of CHAMBORD would even wish to be allowed to involve the destinies of France in any war which was not promising as well as sacred. As regards the Constitution his meaning is less clear. Apparently he intends to accept the Charter of 1814, "adapted to present circumstances, and carefully considered with the Assembly," as the basis of the contract between himself and his subjects. Into this charter, however, he wishes to introduce certain ideas of his own with regard to universal suffrage and decentralization. The Count's views upon universal suffrage may probably be inferred from those entertained by his friends in the Assembly. Like them, he is anxious to get rid of the fact; like them, he is afraid to get rid of the name. How to retain a system under which

every man has a vote, and yet modify it so as to prevent as many as possible from voting, has for some time past exercised the ingenuity of French Conservatives. As to decentralization, it is hard to say what the Count thinks, because on this subject French politicians think so differently, according as the central power is in their own hands or in the hands of their opponents. Two years ago the Right in the Assembly were bent on giving a large share of independence to local assemblies. The men who voted for even a stronger Decentralization Bill than the Bill actually passed are now anxious to silence the Departmental Councils and to make every Prefect absolute in his own district. Upon the question of the Flag the Count of CHAMBORD is described as being loth to acknowledge its full importance. The *Times*' telegram does not make sense in this place, since the Deputies are represented as saying that they believed an arrangement could be come to, provided the Count of CHAMBORD would declare that it was the present Assembly and not another which should make the Monarchy; and then as "replying" to themselves that the present Assembly will never make the Monarchy without the tricolour. In answer to this the Count appears to have simply said "I know that." Whether he cherishes any secret hope that another Assembly will be more accommodating, or has really brought himself to consent to the tricolour being retained as one at least of the French flags, is not clear. From the account, however, of a meeting held on Thursday, it appears that the Royalists believe the latter to be the true version of his thoughts.

According to the *Times*' Correspondent, the Conservatives present at this meeting "unanimously felt that the time of 'absolute resolutions had passed; that the footing of 'mutual concessions must be advised resolutely and with 'one consent; and that the Conservative sections must 'henceforth, whatever happens, be united in political 'sentiments and efforts." Neither the truth nor the pertinence of these conclusions is open to question. But in matters of this kind it is one thing to resolve and another thing to perform. No doubt if the Count of CHAMBORD could be brought to admit that the time for absolute resolutions has passed, and that he must accept the Crown upon reasonable conditions, a very great advance would have been made. In point of fact, the Count of CHAMBORD would have taken rank as an Orleanist, and the Count of PARIS, from being simply his heir, would have become his model. But is it quite so certain that the Count of CHAMBORD has been brought to this point of pliability? There is not much trace of it in the report of what he said to MM. MERVEILLEUX-DUVIGNAUX and DE SUGNY. All that is to be found there is a declaration that he stands by the Charter of 1814; that he has no intention of granting any other terms or of accepting any other terms. An absolute resolution in favour of the Charter of 1814 may be just as ill timed as any other absolute resolution. So, again, as regards mutual concessions. It is easy for the Royalist deputies to recommend them to one another, but which of them will undertake to recommend them to the Count of CHAMBORD? What is the precise distinction between a recommendation to make a concession and an ultimatum? Of course, if the Royalists are in the last resort prepared to accept the Count of CHAMBORD as their Sovereign without conditions, their suggestions of concession will be perfectly inoffensive; but then it may be taken for granted that the mutual concessions talked of at the meeting will turn out to be concessions wholly on one side. If, on the other hand, they are to be really mutual, really framed on the principle of give and take, they become dangerously like an ultimatum. We, the Royalists will say, are prepared to make these sacrifices, if you are prepared to make those sacrifices. If the Count of CHAMBORD simply answers "I am not prepared," what course are the Royalists to take? They may turn their conditional promise into a categorical one, and say, "We are 'prepared to make these sacrifices, whether you are prepared 'to make any sacrifices in return or not;" but in that case what becomes of the mutual element in the transaction? Or they may say that, if the Count of CHAMBORD perseveres in his refusal, they cannot take him for their King; but in that case what is to prevent the Count of CHAMBORD refusing the offer altogether?

With all these difficulties ahead, the Conservative sections may find it less easy than they think to be "united 'in political sentiments and effort," no matter what may happen. It is true that the Orleanists have made an heroic effort to forget that they ever professed to be the

maintainers of a given set of political principles. They have done penance in the person of the Count of PARIS for their presumption in raising their hand against the LORD'S Anointed three-and-forty years ago. They have consented to treat the Revolution of 1830 as a crime which cannot indeed be wiped out from men's memories—it must remain as an accident of history—but which must no longer influence their actions. They have ceased to stand idle in the political market-place, have hired themselves out as the Count of CHAMBORD'S servants, and are now humbly hoping that, when he pays them their wages, they may get as much from his bounty as those who have borne the burden and heat of the day will get from his justice. But suppose that their principles turn out after all to be scotched and not killed; suppose that at the eleventh hour that dislike of absolute government which they and their new allies had alike believed to be dead within them should assert itself with even a short-lived vigour, what are the chances of unanimity from that moment? There is something inexpressibly childish in the determination to treat principles as nothing and names as everything which now characterizes French Royalists. The best thing we can wish for them is that they may turn out to be less prepared than they profess themselves to exchange the substance of Conservative freedom for the shadow of Monarchical order.

LEGISLATION IN OVER-DOSES.

THE electoral Fates would appear to be still adverse to the Ministry, and the rejection of the Liberal candidate at Dover only confirms the undeviating verdicts of the constituencies which have been consulted during the last few months. It is of course impossible to say how far isolated elections can be accepted as an adequate representation of the opinion of the whole country; but even the most devoted and fanatical supporters of the Government are at last obliged to admit that there is something ominous in this unbroken continuity of defeat. It can no longer be denied that the Ministry is unpopular; it would be childish to attempt to do so in the face of what is constantly happening, and therefore the fact is acknowledged. But of course there is room for an endless variety of conjecture as to the causes of this unpopularity. There is only one point upon which Ministers and their friends appear to be agreed. If the country does not like the Ministry, it must certainly be the fault of the country. Mr. LOWE has suggested that people were silly enough to be tired of always hearing the same men called by the same official names; but it does not appear that the roses of the Cabinet have been found to smell more sweetly under their new nomenclature. The more pious adherents of the Government have been driven to seek an explanation of this melancholy crisis in the mysterious depravity of the human heart. In no other way can they account for the blindness and ingratitude of a generation which has thought to itself, even for a moment, that it was possible ever to have had enough of Mr. GLADSTONE. The legislative achievements of the Government supply the refrain of the chorus of remonstrance and reproach. This was, indeed, the great point of Mr. LOWE'S recent vindication, and it had previously been used for a similar purpose by Lord KIMBERLEY and Lord HARTINGTON. The parrots of the party have naturally caught the note. Every day we are called upon to recollect and admire the wonderful Acts of Parliament which have been manufactured by Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues. It is an imposing list. There is the Irish Church Act, and the Irish Land Act, and the Ballot Act, and the Education Act, the Act for the Reorganization of the Army, and the Judicature Act. These are certainly things about which there can be no mistake. You have only to turn up the volumes of the statutes to find them in plain black and white. You can count up the number of clauses or measure off the schedules with a piece of tape, or test the bulk or weight of these great measures in any other way. It is clear that the most reckless and unscrupulous opponents of the Ministry cannot get rid of facts like these. The Acts are undoubtedly there, and it may be admitted that, taken for what they are—that is, simply for Acts of Parliament—they are on the whole very pretty specimens of an ingenious industry. A Government that has had a hand in the production of these measures may fairly take credit for its handiwork, and is entitled to appeal to its customers, in the stereotyped language

of the shop circular, for future favours. The getting-up of big Acts of Parliament is the speciality of the present Cabinet, and it is right that this should be remembered when work of this kind happens to be wanted. But, admitting all this, it does not quite prove the case which the advocates of the Government are anxious to establish—namely, that in making these formidable additions to the Statute-book, the Ministers have fulfilled all the ends of government, and ought now to be rewarded with the permanent administration of affairs.

There are two ways in which the claims of the Government on this account may be examined. First, we may take the Acts themselves, looked at simply as Acts—that is, as so much documentary planning and scheming, as shadowy forms which have to be invested with substance and vitality, as, in fact, so much imaginary government on paper. From this point of view the Acts vary in quality; but it may at least be said that in some shape most of them would probably have had to be passed sooner or later, and that there are none of them which anybody would now propose to repeal. The Licensing Act can hardly be considered a masterpiece of legislative lucidity and precision; and the measures dealing with the Army and the Judicature are, of course, simply blank forms waiting to be filled up. But it is the Irish Acts upon which the Government seems to pride itself most, and it is worth while to test their merits. Mr. Lowe has described the amazement with which he looks back on the hardihood of the little knot of middle-aged and elderly gentlemen of whom he was one, in resolutely setting themselves to redress by legislation all the grievances of the day. What the Government actually did was to throw into a legislative form, with regularly numbered clauses, a series of proposals which had been undergoing agitation for a great many years previously. Borrowing a hint from the peculiar financial system of the Second Empire, Mr. GLADSTONE applied a popular vote which he had obtained for one purpose to a variety of other purposes upon which it was not thought necessary to take the opinion of the constituencies. It would have been impossible for any Government to hold office without attempting to deal with the question of the Irish Church, nor could the relations between landlord and tenant in the same country have been left indefinitely without some sort of readjustment; but the precipitancy with which the second of these measures was hurried on after the first, and the unfortunate arguments by which both were justified by the Minister, as a necessary concession to a rebel conspiracy, tended rather to encourage wild desires and revolutionary menaces than to promote social harmony and contentment. In both instances the Government unhappily excited expectations which it has been unable either to satisfy or to dispel. The priests imagined that Ireland was henceforth to be governed through them, and the peasants thought they were about to be made proprietors of the soil. The charge against the Government is not that the Acts were bad in themselves, but that they were promoted in such a way as to neutralize the good effects which might have been reasonably anticipated from cautious legislation. The people of Ireland have been led to believe that they have only to make their demands in a sufficiently threatening tone to get them instantly conceded; and the Home Rule movement is simply the corollary of Mr. GLADSTONE'S oratorical flourishes about governing Ireland according to Irish ideas. Nor have the mischievous consequences of ecstatic and sensational legislation been confined to Ireland. The grounds upon which a desperate remedy was applied to an exceptionally wretched state of affairs were unfortunately stated with such reckless breadth as to afford encouragement to other classes of Socialist agitators; and, while the Irish are dissatisfied because their wild dreams have not been realized, the inhabitants of the rest of the United Kingdom are perhaps more reasonably disappointed at the melancholy results of messages of peace. It may have been absurd to expect that Ireland would at once be made prosperous and contented as soon as certain Parliamentary forms had been gone through; but the Government is responsible for fostering the delusion.

The chief reason of the unpopularity of the Ministry is, we believe, simply that people are disgusted with the fussy, hysterical, blatant way in which the business of the country has been transacted. Everything has been done with an eye to stage effect, and to what in theatrical slang is known as "bringing down the house." Legislation is the most showy part of Ministerial work, and upon this the

Cabinet concentrated its whole attention. The passing of great measures in a glow of heroic exaltation was assumed to be the chief end of government; and Ministers laid themselves out to dazzle and astonish the world by their wonderful legislative feats. As a histrionic exhibition the performance has been remarkable, but, tested by practical results, it has not been found to be a very satisfactory form of national administration. The apologists of the Ministry affect to believe that their opponents are anxious to put a stop to every sort of reform, and to keep things exactly as they are. The fact that all the great measures of the Government have been acquiesced in by the Opposition, which in some cases has even rendered important assistance in bringing them into shape, is a sufficient proof that the general objects of those measures commanded approval. The truth is, as we have already said, that it was not the measures themselves, but the way in which they were pressed on all at once, in violent haste, and with a reckless disregard of every sort of interest that happened to come in the way, that produced resentment and distrust. The question, says Mr. GLADSTONE'S organ, is between ordered advance and political stagnation. In reality it is a question whether the country prefers gymnastic exercises to steady, business-like work. It is believed that the administration of affairs would be more satisfactorily accomplished if it were conducted quietly and soberly, with a view rather to solid and permanent results than to mere personal display and dramatic sensations. The country, in short, is sick of convulsive statesmanship, and the chronic alcoholism of politics. There is also a natural reaction from that superstitious faith in the magical virtue of Acts of Parliament which it has been the aim of the present Ministry to cultivate. In every society there are always plenty of men like the Abbé SIÈYES, who can sit down in a back room and draw up a pretty set of rules for the adjustment of all human relations. It is when the executive authority comes into contact with human nature out of doors that the difficulties of government begin, and that a demand is made on the higher qualities of statesmanship. And it is in this respect that Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have been tried and found wanting. The multiplication of Acts of Parliament may indeed be regarded as a proof of weakness rather than of capacity. The skilful physician is known by the simplicity of his remedies.

PROFESSOR SULLIVAN'S APPOINTMENT.

THE appointment of Professor SULLIVAN as President of the Queen's College at Cork would not under ordinary circumstances have called for any remark. A man of great eminence both as a scientific investigator and as a teacher has received well-deserved promotion, and the Government have made a highly commendable use of their educational patronage. Both these facts are satisfactory in themselves, but happily they are not of sufficiently rare occurrence to make the text of an article. Professor SULLIVAN'S appointment has, however, another aspect in which it becomes exceptionally interesting. He is possessed not only of all the ordinary qualifications for such a post as that which he is about to fill, but of one which will be variously viewed as constituting a recommendation or a disadvantage. He has for many years been the most active and successful teacher in the Roman Catholic University of Dublin, and he now undertakes the government of an institution which was expressly founded to promote mixed education. A contemporary has expressed surprise that the direction of one of the Queen's Colleges should be committed to a man "whose whole public career has been one of opposition to "mixed education," and finds a difficulty in seeing how the new President can "do his duty at once to his own convictions and professions and to the establishment over which he is called to rule." This view of the appointment seems to us to be based on a completely erroneous theory of what mixed education really is. We shall make our meaning clearer perhaps if we illustrate it by an example drawn from the education controversy in England. The term Secularist may stand either for a man who is specially ready to adapt himself to the conditions under which he is obliged to act, or for a man who views these conditions in an utterly impracticable spirit. It is quite possible to argue that, whatever may be the advantages of an education which combines religious and secular instruction, the difficulties of the two being imparted together are so great that the most convenient solution of the

problem would be to impart them separately. Everybody is agreed upon what secular subjects are to be taught, therefore the secular lessons shall be given to children of all creeds in common. No two denominations agree upon what religion shall be taught, therefore the religious lessons shall be given to the children of each creed apart. This would be reasonable secularism, and if the separation of religious and secular instruction had always been advocated on this ground, the opposition to the principle would probably have been very much less bitter than it now is. Instead of this, the separation of religious and secular instruction has been put forward, not as a convenient expedient for getting over a special difficulty, but as the embodiment of a great and irreversible law. The Secularist party have not been content with arguing that, as we cannot agree upon one part of a child's education, we had better make some joint arrangement for the parts upon which we can agree, and leave the part on which we are disagreed to be provided for in some other way. They have chosen to argue that, unless the separation of religious and secular teaching in all schools supported by public money is absolutely complete, freedom of conscience, religious equality, and ever so many other watchwords dear to Liberal hearts must become mere unmeaning phrases. The consequences of their taking this line may be seen in the indefinite postponement of the separation they demand. It has been carried out of the region of convenience into the region of principle, and there it has found itself overpowered by other principles equally intolerant and more popular.

The cause of mixed education in Ireland has usually been defended in much the same spirit. It may be admitted that there has been some excuse for this in the violence with which the idea has been attacked, but it would be hard to say whether assailants or advocates have done most to ensure its failure. There are three conceivable ways of providing Irishmen with the higher education. One is to have two Denominational Universities, a Catholic and a Protestant, equal in dignity and in wealth, and equally entitled to confer degrees in all the faculties. A second is to have a mixed University composed of Denominational Colleges. A third is to have a mixed University composed of mixed Colleges. The first of these plans has long been given up as impracticable. If there were no other objections to it, the impossibility of getting it adopted by any Parliament in which Englishmen and Scotchmen are represented would be sufficient to dispose of it. There is no need again to go over the history of the second plan. It was in substance the plan brought forward by the Government last Session, and it perished under the hostility or indifference of the people in whose interest it was proposed. The third plan is open to some objections in theory, and has the additional disadvantage of being unpopular in Ireland. But it is in actual operation, which is something; and it is apparently the only means left of providing Irishmen with a University education in their own country. Perhaps if it had not been preached as the only admissible solution of the problem, it would not have excited so much opposition. At all events, now that it is apparently the only solution left, it is the duty of the Government to see what can be made of it. If anything is to be made of it, it can only be by presenting it in an uncontroversial and unpretentious aspect. If Irishmen can be brought to see that, whatever may be their preferences for other forms of University education, a mixed University with mixed Colleges is the only practicable form for Ireland at the present time, the Queen's Colleges may yet have a future before them. But if mixed education is treated, not as a jury mast, but as the only rig admissible for the educational vessel, there is not the least probability that the controversy of which it has so long been the subject will lose any of its acrimony.

Professor SULLIVAN possesses the rare and almost exceptional distinction of being able to present mixed education in this conciliatory light. Other Roman Catholics might have been found to take the headship of Queen's College, Cork, but they would for the most part have been men known, not merely as supporters of mixed education, but as opponents—in some cases as fanatical opponents—of Denominational education. Professor SULLIVAN's connexion with the Catholic University is sufficient evidence that he does not belong to this class; while the fact that he is willing to accept the post is sufficient evidence that he has none of that rooted dislike of mixed education which is the characteristic of some, perhaps of most, of his brother Professors. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has thought it worth while to put

together certain quotations from a letter to Lord ACTON which Professor SULLIVAN published in 1866, and infers that, if he continues sincerely to hold the same opinions, he must either fail in his duty to Queen's College or do violence to his conscience. It would have been equally natural and more charitable to assume that, if the President of a mixed College cannot hold these opinions without doing violence to his conscience, Professor SULLIVAN has seen reason to change them in the seven years which have passed since he gave utterance to them. The interval between 1866 and 1873 is long enough, and the changes which Ireland has undergone in the interval have been great enough, to justify an even greater revolution of opinion than the one here suggested. But, as a matter of fact, there is no necessary inconsistency between the opinions expressed by Professor SULLIVAN in his letter to Lord ACTON, so far as they are quoted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and his acceptance of his present post. Professor SULLIVAN thought in 1866 that a separate Catholic University might be had, and he thought also that, supposing it to be attainable, it was a better thing than a mixed University. It does not follow that, now that the impossibility of a separate Catholic University has been demonstrated, he is bound to maintain his old objection to a mixed University. Supposing the question were whether, in schools for boys in a particular rank of life, Latin or French were to be taught, a parent might fairly say that he thought Latin absolutely essential to a good education, without being bound after the question had been finally decided in the opposite sense to keep his son away from school altogether. Professor SULLIVAN may regret that a separate Catholic University, and even a mixed University with a separate Catholic college, is no longer to be had; or he may have changed his mind upon this point, and think more favourably of mixed education in the abstract than he once did. But we are wholly unable to follow the argument that, because a man may have preferred one of two alternatives when he thought both were open to him, he cannot for that reason heartily or even honestly accept the other alternative when this alone is open to him. The *Pall Mall Gazette* objects to Professor SULLIVAN that he is "not likely to inspire with confidence the friends of unsectarian teaching." We were not aware that it was the friends of the Queen's Colleges who need to be inspired with confidence in mixed education; on the contrary, we had thought that those whom it is important to inspire with that confidence are the Roman Catholics, who have hitherto been hostile or indifferent to mixed education. It would be too much to say that Professor SULLIVAN's appointment will have this effect on the Roman Catholic parents of Ireland; but it may fairly be said that it is more likely to have it than almost any other appointment that could have been made.

MR. FORSTER ON CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

MR. FORSTER, as President of the Section of Economic Science and Statistics at the British Association, made a number of suggestions as to subjects on which he would have liked to hear papers read, but oddly enough he omitted all reference to one question to which, above all others, it would seem to be desirable that the members of this section should begin by giving a little attention. It would have been interesting to have had some definition of what really constitutes economic science, and of the point at which loose talk and random observation may be supposed to assume a scientific aspect. The late Lord DERBY professed to be unable to follow the proceedings of the British Association, as he belonged to the pre-scientific period; but if he had lived to the present day he would probably have been struck by the extraordinary resemblance of scientific discussion to commonplace domestic twaddle. A Professor of Civil Law read a learned paper on the economic effects of the passion of women for expensive seal-skin jackets, and a lady discoursed on the difficulty of managing servants and getting a potato properly boiled, and on the wickedness of married men who frequent clubs instead of sitting at home with their wives. The French shopkeeper was much elated when he discovered that he had unconsciously talked prose all his days, and a new dignity will be imparted to the common incidents of household life by the scientific lustre which has now been shed on them. The only difficulty, if science includes so much, is to know where science begins and leaves off. Science is a word which has certainly been sadly abused in our time, but it may be doubted whether it was ever before so outrageously

burlesqued as it has been this year at Bradford in the section over which Mr. FORSTER presided. Mr. FORSTER'S moderate and plausible address skimmed very lightly over the surface of his subject, and it was evident that he felt himself in a false position. He confessed at the outset that there were several questions upon which he could not touch at all, as they would carry him into the region of controversial politics; and in dealing with other questions he had the appearance of trying to trim between conflicting interests and parties. He avoided specific facts, and stuck to broad assertions and vague principles. On the whole, the condition of the labouring classes had improved. They had more comforts and luxuries than formerly, they had more education, and their wages had risen beyond the increase in the cost of living. No doubt they had some faults, but then all classes had faults. And no doubt, too, there was much yet to be done for them, but he would not go into the question whether it should be done by themselves or by others. The feud between capital and labour was less bitter than it used to be, and both classes ought to try to get on amicably together. A league of capitalists against a league of labourers would be very sad. It was dreadful to think of the country being thus broken up into two hostile camps. And so on. When Mr. FORSTER'S speech has been peeled and boiled, this is really about all that is left, and though it may be all very true in its way, it is difficult to see what light it sheds on the problem of capital and labour, or on the principles by which the conduct of each side should be regulated. Mr. FORSTER explained that he was anxious to avoid saying anything to commit the Cabinet, and he also took good care not to commit himself. It was only natural that in his peculiar relations to his constituency, and with an election in prospect, he should do his best to make things pleasant all round; and no doubt people at Bradford were very glad to hear him. But Mr. FORSTER can hardly have seriously imagined that he was doing anything to promote the scientific investigation of the subject. The hedging which may be pardoned in a politician is inexcusable in a scientific inquirer.

Mr. FORSTER is certainly right in saying that the immunity which was extended to the Trade Unionists who planned and executed the abominable outrages at Sheffield ought not to be established as a precedent; but the circumstances of the case were very peculiar, and it is possible that, on the whole, the good effects of the course which was then pursued may have balanced the evil. The inquiry led to the breaking up of a murderous conspiracy, and shamed the Unionists into the abandonment of some of their most villainous practices; and it is doubtful whether the miscreants could have been exposed in any other way. Mr. FORSTER is also justified in saying that disputes between master and workman are conducted with less fierceness than in former times. There is certainly less open violence. We suspect that Mr. FORSTER underrates the opposition of working-men to the use of improved machinery; but employers have now no reason to be afraid of having vitriol cast into their eyes, and rioting and fighting have ceased to be the natural incidents of a strike. Strikes, like wars, have also become shorter; the relative strength and powers of endurance of each side being more readily tested in consequence of their superior organization. Employers and workmen understand each other's circumstances better; and within a week or so after a strike or lock-out has begun, it may be calculated with a good deal of confidence which party must give in. On the other hand, however, as Mr. FORSTER omitted to observe, strikes are now organized on a larger scale, and seem to have a tendency to repeat themselves with unpleasant frequency. It would also appear that, if Unionists have shown a disposition to keep on the safe side of the law, it is because they think that it will be as well for them to have the law on their side, and that they are powerful enough to get it altered to suit their views. The legal recognition which has been bestowed on Trade Unions is of great service to them in the administration of their internal affairs; and, if they can only succeed in getting rid of all criminal penalties for intimidation and breach of contract, they will be placed in an extremely advantageous position. Mr. FORSTER has a reputation for courageous frankness which is not invariably justified; and on the subject of intimidation he spoke less distinctly than could have been desired. Admitting that the law must protect all men against "bodily harm or physical violence," he uttered a warning against the futility of attempting to protect men "against persua-

sion, or even against moral intimidation." It would have been well if Mr. FORSTER had explained a little more clearly what he means by moral intimidation. Nobody proposes that persuasion should be punished; but there are various kinds of intimidation which may not involve physical violence or bodily harm, but which it would be dangerous to sanction. The Unionists in Scotland, for example, have lately been raising an outcry because one of their number was sent to prison for "merely looking" at another man. What happened was this. There was a strike, and the Unionists took it in turns to stand in front of a shop where a man continued at work, and to look through the window at him. In other cases obnoxious workmen are followed with offensive cries, or perhaps by pickets who dog their steps in silence. These are all forms of intimidation which the law can and ought to check, although they do not involve physical violence; and it is unfortunate that Mr. FORSTER should seem to be hinting an apology for them.

It is unnecessary at this time of day to argue that working-men have a perfect right to combine whenever they choose for the purpose of making the best terms they can for themselves in regard either to wages or hours of labour. Everybody admits that the labour market ought to be free, and that employers and workmen should be left to higgler together without unnecessary restraint on either side. The only points in dispute are as to the extent to which workmen who choose to act independently require to be protected from the oppression of the Unionists, and as to the necessity of enforcing contracts by criminal penalties when there is no other way of reaching the offenders. If, as Mr. FORSTER seemed to suggest, the definition of intimidation were to be cut down to cases of actual bodily harm, the law would fall very far short of the necessities of the case; and, on the other hand, a mere civil remedy against working-men who are here to-day and gone to-morrow, and who have every opportunity of avoiding any claims upon them, would of course be an utter farce. If these restraints were removed, the Unionists would become simply the most powerful body in the country. They would be able with absolute impunity, by the exercise of just a little care, to harass the life out of any working-man who dared to disobey their mandates on any subject; and they would also have it in their power to coerce employers by threatening to throw down their tools at a critical moment. It is impossible to imagine a more demoralizing or intolerable tyranny than would thus be established. The executive of the Unions would be invested with an authority of the most despotic kind, and would be tempted to commit all sorts of excesses; and employers and labourers would alike be placed helplessly at their mercy. The consequence of such a state of things would of course be a general paralysis of industry. Employers would be deterred from entering into contracts to do work except at excessive rates calculated to cover the risk to which they would be exposed from the organized treachery of their workmen, and the wages-fund would be correspondingly reduced.

Apart from the right of the working classes to push their own interests in their own way, as long as they do not attempt illegal interference with other people, there remains the question whether the principles upon which the Trade Unions are conducted and the objects which they have set themselves to accomplish are in themselves sound and beneficial. Mr. FORSTER found it convenient to slur over this aspect of the subject. The whole system of Trade Unions is founded on the supposition that the amount of work to be done is a fixed quantity, and that it is the business of a trade organization to do all it can, in the first instance, to interpose artificial obstacles in the way of men coming into the trade, and, in the next place, to secure an equal share, irrespective of capacity or industry, for all who have contrived to enter the sacred circle. It is assumed that prices have nothing to do with the demand for a particular kind of work, and that if an employer feels pinched by wages being forced up, he can always recoup himself at the expense of the public. It is overlooked that the public has also a means of protecting itself. It would be absurd to propose that the working classes should be compelled by Act of Parliament to promote their own interests in accordance with sound principles of economic science; but it might perhaps be expected that a political teacher who says he has no faith in anything except "the force of public opinion and education" would have felt bound, if he thought it necessary to speak

at all, to point out the natural and necessary consequences of the fallacious policy to which the Unions have committed themselves. This is not a question of sympathy with working-men or with capitalists. It is simply a question as to whether water will run up a hill.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

NO one will accuse the Council of the British Association of carelessness or want of judgment in their choice of a man to fill the office vacant through Dr. Joule's resignation. Professor Williamson's position among the scientific men of the day is such that it must soon have been recognized by a similar appointment, even if the sudden vacancy had not secured him so early a nomination. And for many reasons it was particularly desirable that the occupier of the presidential chair should have specially devoted himself to chemistry. It cannot be denied that of late the honours of the day have chiefly fallen to those eminent in the non-chemical branches of science. This can easily be accounted for. Though chemistry has doubtless made rapid progress in late years, its exploits have been thrown into the shade by the marvellous discoveries in physics and biological science. We do not deny that these sciences owe much to chemistry, as she owes much to them. The physicist, the chemist, and the physiologist are often at work on the same problem, and the discoveries of the one lighten the labour of the others; indeed, so much do they borrow from one another that it is at times difficult to decide to which of them the credit is mainly due. But we think that an impartial observer would allow that none of the more remarkable advances that science has lately made have been directly due to chemistry; and hence the other sciences have deservedly received the lion's share of recognition at the hands of the British Association, and it has become desirable that there should be a change in this respect. We might thus have expected that a chemist occupying the position of President would seize the opportunity to review the recent achievements of science from a chemical standpoint, showing how chemistry gives the interpretation of certain phenomena where physics and biology are dumb, and how it is by her aid that we have approached by sure ways so near to the most mysterious processes of organic change. Perhaps Professor Williamson had some such idea as this in the first part of his address, where he professed to be ascertaining "the meaning of the work which has been going on in chemistry"; but, if so, he was singularly unfortunate in the execution of his design. Beyond a reference to a very interesting theory of his respecting the dynamical nature of even stable compounds in a state of solution, which must have been too brief to be intelligible to the major part of his audience, and still briefer references to the well-known phenomenon of isomerism and the classification of atoms into monads, dyads, &c., the whole of this part of the address was a laboured defence of the atomic theory, and was, we suspect, saved from being still more decidedly controversial only by the pressure of other matter which he felt bound to introduce. A good defence of the atomic theory might not have been out of place had it been based on arguments drawn from the present condition of science, and had it contained a clear appreciation of the points at issue between its supporters and their opponents. But we think that it is not too much to say that the speaker wholly misconceived the question at issue. In fact, he confounded the laws of combining proportions with the atomic theory. The truth of the former no one doubts, but it is wholly distinct from the latter, which is an hypothesis concerning matter from which it is conceived these laws would flow; and which, therefore, so far as these laws are concerned, is a satisfactory theory of the ultimate constitution of matter. That he thus confuses them may be seen from his urging against his opponents that "When they interpret their analyses, these chemists allow themselves neither more nor less latitude than the atomic theory allows—in fact, they are unconsciously guided by it." The "latitude that the atomic theory allows" can mean nothing else than the very laws of combining proportions to explain which it was started, and which must of course form part of, and be explained by, any system that takes its place. It would be equally rational for a believer in the emission theory of light to attack the supporters of the undulatory theory for using the laws of reflexion and refraction, on the ground that they belonged to the emission theory. He too might say that, because they "allow themselves neither more nor less latitude than the emission theory allows" in tracing the course of pencils of light, they were "unconsciously guided by it."

It is indeed strange that Professor Williamson should have confounded together two ideas so distinct. No one doubts that in chemical processes bodies behave much as they probably would do were the atomic theory true, and few will deny that it gives the simplest method of recollecting the laws of that behaviour. The point in dispute is, whether the hypothesis of the truth of the atomic theory is necessary to explain chemical phenomena, and whether it is sufficient to explain the phenomena of physics. And here evidence is sadly against the theory. The chemist must remember that his methods of analysis are no longer the subtlest that we have. The spectroscope and the polariscope tell us of structure and heterogeneity where the chemist finds only uniformity. He would have us believe that iron is nothing but an agglomeration of like atoms without definite arrangement. In however small quantities it be, its properties are the same; no combinations into which

it enters suggest the idea that it has been resolved into component elements, so that he would have us believe that it is composed of uniform atoms, like and indivisible. But the spectroscope tells us a different tale. It shows us that these pretended atoms, when heated sufficiently, send off scores of different kinds of light, each kind perfectly definite and separately recognizable; and as we know that each of these must have a different rate of vibration which again must have been excited by a source having a like rate of vibration, we see at once that this would-be atom is a wondrously complex system. It may be that it is so firmly bound together that no chemical tests can tempt it to separate, yet it must be composed of many parts capable of independent motion. A savage or a child might imagine that the sound of an orchestra in full play was the confused noise of some huge beast. A musician at once recognizes that it is made up of the sound of distinct instruments, and can separate the sounds one from another, and thus tell the component parts of the system. Just such a difference is made by arming the man of science with the spectroscope. And when we find that the supposed atoms are complicated systems, who will venture to dogmatize on the composition of these systems and pronounce authoritatively as to whether they are themselves made up of component atoms or arise from unequal stresses in continuous matter or from some yet more complicated cause? Why should Professor Williamson shut his eyes to this just because he need not immediately regard it in his science? Since at present the atomic theory is wide enough to include chemical phenomena, let him retain the nomenclature and system of interpretation belonging thereto. We do not wish to be pedantic, and require him to speak of "ultimate systems" instead of atoms. But, on the other hand, he has no right to grumble if physicists occasionally remind chemists of the provisional character of the hypothesis.

It is to be lamented that Professor Williamson should have failed to treat the atomic theory in a scientific manner, for the rest of his address could scarcely be said to deal with science at all. It is true that he dwelt with admirable force on the beneficial effects of the study of chemistry alike on the intellect and on the moral character of the student. On the one hand, it gives him accuracy and power of carrying on all the many processes necessary to a sound induction; on the other, it gives to him a habit of truthfulness—not of that low-type truthfulness which is content with the "I am informed and verily believe" of an affidavit, and seems to dread nothing short of perjury, but that higher truthfulness which seems to consider itself responsible for the objective truth of its statements and feels itself almost as humiliated if errors occur in its statements as if it had wilfully lied. This habit of mind is generated sometimes by the consciousness that the detection of falsehood in science is certain, but more usually we will hope by enthusiasm for truth; and it is so strikingly characteristic of scientific men that, whatever be their speciality, they are good witnesses on all questions within their ken in subjects that do not touch on theology, and many of them even on these. And there is perhaps no branch of science by the study of which these great qualities are more speedily generated than by chemistry, so that Professor Williamson might well be allowed to say, "Chemistry presents peculiar advantages for educational purposes in the combination of breadth and accuracy in the training which it affords, and I am inclined to think that in this respect it is at present unequalled." But the greater part of his address was devoted to the elaboration of a vast scheme of scientific education which would, he thought, have the highly desirable result of landing every boy of ability in a Professor's Chair. It is difficult to conceive what induced the President to leave the question of chemistry, about which his audience did wish to hear, to talk about schemes of secondary education, about which they did not wish to hear. It was a subject by no means specially suitable for such an address, and moreover it was not likely to be successfully treated therein, as the difficulties are practical rather than theoretical. Perhaps he foresaw that Mr. Forster would be in a prominent position among his auditory, and he trusted to wring from him, in the enthusiasm of the moment, some promise which would afterwards have to be made good. How could Mr. Forster refuse to accept *in toto* the scheme so full of promise sketched out by Professor Williamson? Everything fitted in so beautifully! Its success seemed demonstrable with Euclidean certainty. But the prospect must have seemed less bright to the eye of the Minister. Taking precedence of the less important question, whether there should be scientific education for those capable of making good use of it, there must have risen in his mind the vastly more weighty question whether these secondary schools should be visited at certain hours by a selection of the neighbouring clergy to prevent any of the reagents being used in a manner not contemplated by the Prayer-book, or whether they should be visited by inspectors certified to be of latitudinarian principles to ascertain that chemistry was taught in a thoroughly unsectarian manner. No wonder, then, that he cautiously remarked, in moving the vote of thanks for the address, that the subject was so large that he felt it impossible to enter on it then. But though we think that the President might have employed the time much better than in dwelling on subjects which belong rather to the domain of the practical politician than to that of the scientific specialist, we find much that is excellent in this part of his address. He boldly preached the doctrine so fully exemplified in the German system, but which is so distasteful to English educational reformers—namely, that examinations are practically of but little worth unless worked in intimate connexion with a

system of training. We insist on having free-trade in education in England, and we pay for it dearly, since our competitive examinations threaten soon to have but one effect, that of rendering cramming more scientific, and thereby more fatally successful. Again, Professor Williamson sees clearly that it is useless to attempt to strengthen and improve the English scientific schools by sweeping changes in the Universities. No doubt changes must come, and they will be welcomed by most of the existing educational staff there. But the first thing is to improve the scientific teaching without the walls of the Universities. Already the partisans of science at Oxford and Cambridge are admitting that there is not the supply of first-rate candidates for the scholarships offered for proficiency in natural science that they expected. And if the small supply of science students renders it unadvisable to increase the number of scholarships offered in these subjects, it should make us still more careful about incautiously increasing the permanent educational staff. For some time yet there will be a great prejudice at our older Universities in favour of men educated therein; and since, in the absence of a keen competition, University honours often fall to the lot of those who are little worthy of them, there is great danger that the permanent posts will be filled up with men of mediocre abilities, who will in process of time prove a serious obstacle to the success of the science schools of their Universities, inasmuch as they will occupy the posts that should be occupied by better men. One change, however, might perhaps at once be made safely. The number of Professors' Chairs might be made to some extent variable, so that any man of special ability might be retained at the Universities in a position akin to that of the Professor Extraordinarius, until a place was found for him in the regular educational staff.

But if Professor Williamson wandered too far from his proper subject in his presidential address, the same cannot be said of others who were chosen to lecture to the British Association at Bradford. Professor Maxwell's lecture on Molecules must have mended much of the damage done by the misconceptions of the President on the subject of atoms, and it was worthily supported by the other two lectures on the all-engrossing subjects of Coal and Fuel. These lectures, together with the President's address, naturally form the chief centres of interest at each meeting of the Association. It is natural that the mass of the scientific public should turn to these *résumés* of scientific progress—able and yet popular as they always are—rather than to the special papers read in the sections. If the latter are written by genuine investigators on researches that can fairly claim to have increased our scientific knowledge, they must be in most cases of so technical a character as to find but a small audience to appreciate them. But it is usual to find even in the papers which treat of the less popular sciences some one or two which unite the qualities of being new to specialists and intelligible to the outside world. Though the conquests of science, like the exploits of our Indian troops, chiefly consist in the subjugation of lands of whose existence we are first made aware by the news of her triumphs, yet occasionally she turns to reduce to order some home province whose state of anarchy she has had hitherto to tolerate. This year has proved no exception to the rule. Few parts of the reports will be perused with more interest than those which contain Professor Ferrier's paper on the Localization of Function in the Brain, and the discussion that followed on its being read. It is not that so many were aware of the existence of the corpus striatum, or the hippocampus major, and were rendered uneasy by the consciousness that no definite function in the human economy had been yet assigned by physiologists to the happy possessors of these sonorous names. But people who could not distinguish between the optic thalami and the medulla oblongata can understand the drift of these new discoveries, and can see that the problem which phrenology failed to solve because it was so unscientific in its method has at last fallen into worthy hands. The average educated man, though he will not confess to a belief in phrenology, has yet a sneaking kindness for it. And we think that he is right therein. Its fate has been that of many an imperfect attempt at developing science in a right direction. Put forth in an unscientific form by its originators, and defended by utterly inconclusive arguments, which have been mercilessly shown up by their better educated opponents, it has been many times pronounced dead. But its enemies have been too exterminating in their rage. The attitude of mind produced by such attacks as those of Jeffrey, Hamilton, and Dr. Carpenter, is one of conviction that the science owes very little to the labours of its originators, and that whatever of truth lies in it is due to the idea itself which underlies all their work, and of which they were but unworthy exponents. And as notions on the subject of evolution have become clearer, the belief has become more and more firmly fixed in most minds, that the brain—partaking as it does of the wondrous heredity of the human body—could not be reproduced were the special powers but inherited in common by large masses of functionally undifferentiated nerve matter. To account for the inheritance of mental faculties, these masses of nerve matter must be functionally differentiated to a degree comparable not only with the immense variety of bodily actions, but also with the still greater variety of mental processes. No doubt phrenology went further than this, and in that consisted its error. It assumed that this differentiation must be local when viewed in the light of those complex combinations of brain-activities which constitute tastes and special faculties. But, in spite of this, we must give to phrenology the credit of first teaching plainly that the different parts of the brain have different functions, and this is the burden of Professor Ferrier's discoveries. It is

needless to say that his method is widely different from that of Gall and Spurzheim, and there is as wide a difference in the sides on which they attack the problem. Socrates thought that man might find out the nature of the soul, but he gave up physics as hopeless. The phrenologist would have as much despaired of finding what part of the brain moved the right leg as Professor Ferrier would despair of finding the part of the brain that was the abode of acquisitiveness. But though the immediate object of his researches has been as it were the coarser parts of brain-physiology, the prospect opened out reaches far beyond this. He guards against the disturbing effects of the general activity of the nervous system by lulling it to sleep with chloroform, secure that he will so lessen the sympathetic action which characterizes it that a specific excitement will produce its own effect, unmingled with any secondary induced activity, which in a more excitable state of the system would inevitably accompany it. Yet even with this precaution a strong stimulus produces general disturbance. After a few functions are satisfactorily localized, it may be possible to notice what subsidiary activities are first excited when a particular stimulus is increased beyond the strength at which its correlated activity is produced without intermixture. Will this be decided by mere contiguity of the seats of the functions, or by the more complex laws of mental association? A few experiments of this nature would soon enable us to decide on the truth or error of Mr. Herbert Spencer's alleged physical correlatives of mental growth. And even those who content themselves with a style of scientific writing less prophetic and more historical than his will feel hopeful that this method of Professor Ferrier will some day prove itself capable of dealing with intellectual processes. Specific thoughts and mental processes have actions so closely connected with them by habit that they involuntarily follow them, and though the presence of the thought may not be directly ascertainable, it may be indirectly tracked by the presence of those actions. To give a crude instance; the phenomena of anger are so definite that were some state of the brain or the excitement of some part of it found necessary to the spontaneous combination of these actions, one would not be far from discovering the physical correlative of irascibility.

Is there never to be a truce to teleological discussions? Now that the supporters of the argument from design have ceased from actively interfering with the progress of science by opposing every explanation that seems to account on natural grounds for some remarkable adaptation of structure to function, merely because it lessens the amount of that which seems to need a designer, it is the turn of the opposite side to abstain from tilting at what are honest convictions inoffensively held. Really the supporters of the argument from design are made to appear the more scientific as being endowed with more of that scientific patience which leads people to confess the limits of what they know and what they do not know, and to wait for more light instead of insisting that the twilight is the day. We know so little of the secret chemistry of the body that a paper professing to show that the doctrine of design is baseless because the author could find no use for the "small vermiform appendage known as the diverticulum of the cæcum," and yet that death had been known to arise from it becoming strangulated, is vastly out of place. It was allowed that it was useful to the embryo; indeed the learned Professor who abused the minute offender did not go further than to compare it to a siding employed in the construction of a railway left open on its completion. And yet he thought this entitled him to say that the work in the human system was such as we should not accept from a tradesman. If no worse attacks were made on the argument from design, the *Bridgewater Treatises* would still be saleable. The learned Professor does not seem to have grasped the position of his antagonists, or known the wide and intricate meaning which they put on the word design. He avers that he has shown that no designer could have allowed the appendage in question to remain, because it produced death in some instances. Does he not see that whatever be the meaning of the word design in his antagonists' mouths, it must include the intention of death being produced in every instance by some part or other of the organism? Indeed those cases in which the organism of a creature is found not to be such as would be most favourable to its own duration of life are at least as great difficulties in the way of believers in evolution by natural selection. In the theories of these alone has the development of each animal been guided by what may be called an eternal selfishness. But in fact such difficulties are not fatal or even injurious to either theory; they tell us of nothing but the laws under which the designer or the evolution has acted, and they alike modify and condition each theory, but do not injure it. Nor are such theories to be attacked directly. Let our scientific men labour conscientiously, not allowing themselves to be biased by teleological prejudices or the reverse; and then the attitude of their mind, or rather its reflexion in the general belief or disbelief of the world in the argument from design, will represent the true teaching of science on the question. At present we are not able to grasp what is meant by ascribing everything to evolution or everything to design, so that attempts to balance difficulties are ridiculous. Far different from this endeavour to snatch from imperfect knowledge a decision fatal to what is as certainly imperfect theology is the attitude in which Professor Maxwell points out the inadequacy of our scientific theories to account for the genesis of the materials of our world. His argument is marvellously weighty compared with such a flimsy one as that of Mr. Herbert Spencer, which is little more than the statement that the mind has a fit of in-

digestion when it attempts to assimilate the idea of something arising out of nothing. The Professor admits that the mind cannot reason about the creation of matter out of nothing—it cannot lay hold of the subject-matter of the argument, or weigh the rival difficulties of its being created or self-existent. It is in the consideration of the form in which matter exists that the mind first finds anything on which it can lay hold. And here it is startled by finding that the countless crowds of molecules of each substance are exact reproductions of each other—each molecule of hydrogen containing but a certain quantity of matter and no more—an identity which gives to them, he thinks, the character of a manufactured article (a phrase of Sir John Herschel's), and leads us irresistibly to the conclusion that they have had a maker. We cannot join with Professor Maxwell in his praise of this phrase of Sir John Herschel's. Any one who reflects will see that the manufactured articles are associated in our minds with uniformity chiefly because the vast majority of them are the product of machines, and that, in proportion as machines take less part in the manufacture we see uniformity supplanted by specific adaptation, unless hindered by poverty of design on the part of the manufacturer. Nor do we quite share Professor Maxwell's confidence in the absolute uniformity or unchangeability of the molecules, though on this point there is no single opinion of so much worth as his. But in calling our attention to the fact that our universe is not built up out of matter possessing every variety of structure and quality, but out of a few definite forms, all the matter that belongs to each form possessing definite properties, and possessing them to exactly the same degree, and thereby separated by an unpassable gulf from all other matter—the exact opposite of what we must imagine would be the consequence of any theory of mechanical evolution, using that phrase to denote an evolution which does not depend on reproduction and heredity—he has brought us face to face with another aspect of the great difficulty of theories of the universe which leave out all mention of a Creator, and he has accomplished that most difficult feat for a scientific man—he has exalted his religion without degrading his science.

THE PLEASURES OF A MOOR.

GROUSE-SHOOTING, as far as we can gather from the ordinary descriptions given of that pursuit, seems to be one of the most delightful occupations imaginable. Sun and luncheon, heather and repose, are its chief constituents. The jaded man of business regains health, the leisured idler shakes off ennui. The troubles incident to other modes of spending the holidays are all absent, and the moor is a charmed circle of pleasures gazed at with envious eyes by those who cannot share in them. Yet there are other conditions besides those of discharging guns and lying on purple slopes which play as important a part in the tenancy of a moor as the marriage settlement in a marriage. Experience must be gained, and mistakes must be made. Every season a certain number of persons engage shootings for the first time, and are obliged to some extent to rely upon the reports of those who are most interested in the disposal of them. The first step does not present any difficulties. Some London gun-maker has a client who fortunately possesses a moor and a house which exactly meet all requirements; but not a moment must be lost in securing it. Six gentlemen are anxious to take this particular moor, though none have finally decided upon doing so. The gun-maker will reserve it; the shootings have a wonderful name, but they exist, and a great white tract of territory is pointed out on the ordnance map to prove this point. It is the best possible of all moors. Disease stopped short of it, though neighbouring policies were decimated. There is a river which swarms with trout, a lodge, and a shaggy wood behind the house in which capercaillie abound. Butter is made upon the premises, and the local store-dealer combines every known trade within his shop. These glowing details are confirmed still more strongly by the intending lessor and proprietor, who expatiates on the beauties of his own place, enumerates its advantages, asserts that grouse may be killed in many hundreds, and gives a catalogue of the bags made in former years. The next step is to sign a little agreement just for form's sake, by which the lessee covenants to pay his rent on the first of August, in return for which he will be allowed to spend in a harmless manner for the space of three months what Lord Houghton well calls the superfluous energy and occasional savagery of his disposition.

If the lessee is wise, he will go down to Scotland before the twelfth, and not postpone the arrangement of every detail until the last moment. The anticipation of pleasure is a far more satisfactory thing than its analysis. Immunity from begging-letters, from circulars and prospectuses, from the appeals of bankrupt electors, and the clamours of licensed victuallers, constitutes to many a tourist a great part of his enjoyment. A man whose letters are forwarded to him during the months of August and September deserves his misfortunes. It is not until the last crowded station has been left behind that a sense of freedom is felt. A Scotch platform is a peculiarly trying ordeal. You are under the impression that you know the language spoken, and yet you can obtain no information. The trains are two hours late, and the porters exhaust the refinements of their Scotch intellects in giving evasive answers. A man in a kilt and of a savage aspect represents his nation, as he pushes through the London

crowd, who, like the poet Crabbe among the Highlanders in Edinburgh, would be inclined to address him in French, unaware of the fact that, in spite of his nudity, he is a commercial gentleman just arrived from Manchester. Youths with fishing-rods are rushing about in all directions, stumbling over the dogs which are howling dismally at the foot of the pillars to which they are chained. All is noise, unpunctuality, and ignorance until the quiet terminus among the hills has been reached, where no English newspaper is sold, and where all the carriages in the village have been waiting for days in eager expectation to convey the sportsman to his hired heather. Then follows the long drive up some Highland valley studded with white cots beside the hills, gleaming among their silver firs, with the glorious background of the heather just coming into full blossom. At last the particular cot is seen where three months of quiet and highly-paid life are to be passed. The advantages named in the advertisements can be recognized at once. A little lodge gives access to a bridge across the river, and to the road beyond, winding along a sparkling burn overhung by larches and the red boles of Scotch firs. The day is fine, and everything looks bright and genial. The house is as comfortable as another person's house can be where the book-cases are locked up, and stuffed birds form the principal ornaments of the hall. The first day is a success; no great calamity has taken place, no cardinal defect has been discovered. The water runs through the pipes, the smoke goes up the chimney, and the kitchenmaid has not been carried off to the top of a fir-tree by a capercaillie. The servants, astounded at seeing signs of civilization in the shape of stewpans, make up their minds that existence is possible, though there are no shops within ten miles. The lady's-maid alone will not be comforted, and weeps in secret, while her highly-wrought organization fails to comprehend the eccentricities of her mistress. Shooting, however, was the nominal end of the expedition, and its prospects must be inquired into. The air may be very good, the water excellent, the family portraits of indisputable ugliness; but the tenant has not paid the rent exclusively for the possession of these advantages, not to mention that there is no kirk within a distance of five miles. The keeper is sent for, but he is enigmatical in his answers. He entertains his master with statements about the number of birds killed in former years. "May be" precedes all his remarks. There has been no disease to speak of, but the spring frosts have been severe. To the lover of nature nothing can be more delightful than the view from the hill behind the house. A broad expanse of moorland lies in front; the purple masses of heather stretch from peak to peak, and bright tarns glimmer in the distance. In the enjoyment of an air uncontaminated by chemical adjuncts the grouse are forgotten. But the next day the weather changes and the Highland climate shows what it is capable of; the hill is not visible, encircled by its "misty coronet"; the roads are impassable, the burn becomes a river, the river a flood. The house runs with damp, and its occupants cower over the fire and look with envious gaze at the novels in the closed book-cases. The books brought down from London were selected with a view to edification, not amusement. Even Mrs. Grote's account of her husband's family and his diary when in love fail to reconcile her readers to their situation. The atmosphere is so disagreeable that the little man and woman in the primitive barometer both insist upon staying in their hut. The Highlands were a great creation, but Sir Walter Scott created them to be enjoyed in fine weather, and not to be contemplated through fog and mist.

When the twelfth arrives, the ground is in a spongy sodden state, the clouds are racing over the moor driven by the North wind, and the lights and shades are momentarily changing. The grouse appear to have been blown away; a few old birds rise out of shot with an unearthly crow, and a snipe glistens against the horizon. One drenching shower succeeds another, which the gillie pronounces to be either "soft" or "coarse." The dogs cannot conceive for what purpose they have been brought out. Patch after patch of heather is beaten, and beaten in vain. The keeper wonders with just astonishment where the young broods are. One of the dogs is next discovered munching the bleached bones of some bird which bears a curious affinity to a grouse, and four more skeletons are found in different stages of corruption. When the time for luncheon has arrived, the bag consists of three brace of birds, a blue hare which was found asleep on coming over a bank, and two young rabbits which have left their holes for the first time. No special incident has enlivened the morning, as occurs in the veracious accounts of sporting adventures; no wild goose or red deer or tiger has fallen a victim to a charge of No. 6 shot. Luncheon is eaten under a wall in a shower, and the painful conviction forces itself upon the lessee's mind that the grouse have been decimated by disease, and that the spring frosts have destroyed all the young broods. He may endeavour to console himself in a poetic fashion, and believe that his object in taking a moor was

The wild wood's fruits to gather,
And on my true love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather.

But it may occur to him that it would have been easy to have paid this tribute of affection at a cheaper rate. One illusion disappears after another; calamity succeeds calamity. The wood which was said to abound with roe deer, black-game, and capercaillie, abounds only with woodcutters and gangs of weird females who are engaged in stripping the bark from the fallen larches. A fall of thousands of trees is taking place, every path is blocked by stems, the ferns are broken, and the rabbits believe that the Game-laws have at last ceased to exist. Hilly path and open strath resound with the hissing of a steam-engine erected on the premises to cut up the

wood, which the shoeless savages of the district flock to admire. The game, if there ever was any, has naturally taken to other quarters. The capercaillie are so well acquainted with man that their wildness is shocking to see. The lowland shootings, a special feature in the advertisement, consist of three fields of green oats flattened by rain, the harvest of which could not be counted upon until the beginning of December. In them may be supposed to lurk two partridges which the keeper remembers to have seen in the spring, but has not heard of since. As for the moorland, the expectation of killing anything after the first week is ridiculous, nor is there the least chance of a walk being blended with the sorrow of anything but the walker. The dogs which have been guaranteed as priceless animals become quite demoralized, and suggest the idea that they have been changed on the railway, so little do their habits agree with the characters given of them. One looks as if he had travelled in a happy family, or been the pride of a circus, invaluable in firing off a gun or playing on the violin. He has long poodle ears, a continual bark, a nervous affliction of the countenance, and a universal range. "Ye auld fule," says the keeper in despair, "a mon might kill ye, but he'd never break ye." He will run over four thousand acres in about half an hour, gallop over two neighbouring moors from a love of pure travel, and show no signs of fatigue in the evening. The only way to utilize him is to tie five pounds of heather to his neck, by which means he may occasionally be kept in sight. It makes however little difference what is employed in finding game if the game does not exist. By following the course of a burn, a bird may perhaps be found hardly able to flutter, with a pinched breast and dazed eye, whom it is a charity to kill. Nothing after this is seen until a corrie is reached, three miles distant, where the remnant of a brood, three in number, endowed with preternatural acuteness, may be stalked. Besides these there survive two teal and one old cock, who, though generally off the boundary, is sometimes to be met with in the middle of a deep and dangerous morass.

A writer in the *Field* is anxious to know what the average price of grouse has been to the tenants of moors. We imagine that this season they will have cost from five to seven pounds a brace; at the same time it ought to be stated that 3s. 6d. can be obtained by selling them to the local dealer. What the future of grouse-shooting is to be we do not venture to predict. In those cases where leases extending over a period of some years have been given, a sufficient stock of birds will no doubt be left upon the ground for breeding purposes; but where the shootings have been let for one season only the reverse is likely to have taken place, and some years may elapse before the bags of past times recur again. If the proprietor of a ramshackle Highland tenement has avenged Flodden this year, he cannot hope to have continued success in his sale of diseased grouse. Bad as the reports were of the moors during the summer, experience has proved that they were not exaggerated; and intending lessees cannot make too careful inquiries for the future, unless the prospect of finding game is entirely subsidiary to that of eating luncheon on the top of a hill. In spite of disease, and the absence of birds, rents have been largely raised this year; fifty per cent. has been added in some cases to the price of a deer-forest, and the question which at present agitates the mind of the Scotch laird or speculator is to what extent he can make capital out of the English goose that lays the golden eggs.

THE POLARIS EXPEDITION.

THE return of the last half of the *Polaris* expedition completes an interesting episode in the history of Arctic adventure. When half the crew had floated away on an iceberg opinions differed as to the probable fate of the remainder of the party. Those who look with disfavour upon all these expeditions, as involving unjustifiable risk of life, naturally inferred that we should know nothing of their fate unless some luckier explorer discovered their bones. More sanguine people argued that they had the better chance of the two, inasmuch as a still seaworthy ship is a better refuge than an iceberg, and a party composed of adult men more capable of helping itself than a party including women and children at the breast. The risk, however, was in any case not to be despised. In fact it seems that, although no life has been lost, the successful result has required courage, energy, and discipline. We have not as yet a complete record of the adventure; nor have we the means of completely reconciling the accounts of the two fractions of the crew. Some fuller explanations are needed to explain how it came to pass that the separation was so decisive and irremediable; and we shall then be better able to say whether anybody deserves to be blamed, or whether, as we rather hope, the whole blame must be thrown upon uncontrollable circumstances. Meanwhile, the separation having once taken place, the party on board the ship seem to have done all that could be done. They built a house; they made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow during the winter; and when the milder season returned, they constructed makeshift boats, and forced their way southwards. Of course they had to endure considerable hardships in spite of the timely assistance of Esquimaux, and the encounter with immense flocks of auks. But without loss of life, or even injury to health, they reached the track of the whalers, and have in due time made their appearance in a civilized country. We hope that some member of the party is endowed with the rare faculty of telling a good story decently well. In that case we may look forward to an interesting narrative, including the details

which should fill up this blank outline. The chances are, of course, very much against such a consummation; for the literary faculty, rare enough in the whole human species, seems to be distributed with peculiar parsimony amongst the travelling variety. Perhaps a spirit of adventure is located in some convolution of the brain which cannot be fully developed without attenuating the other portion of that useful organ which sets a pen in motion. When Professor Ferrier has fully carried out his investigations, we shall be able to speak with more confidence upon the subject. Whatever the cause, the fact seems to be certain; for otherwise we cannot account for the circumstance that so many people who have excellent materials for a thrilling narrative are incapable of making use of them. Let us hope that in the present instance we shall find an exception; and that amongst the crew of the *Polaris* there is some worthy successor to Kane's power of writing a book as well as to his spirit of adventure.

We are however anticipating, to use the good old formula of novelists. The essential facts are now pretty well known; and the only question is as to the moral to be deduced from them. The answer is of course ambiguous; for there never yet was an occurrence, from a revolution to a railway accident, upon which two different parties could not put two diametrically opposite interpretations. If facts are not deceitful, they are at least pressed with singular facility into the service of the most hostile theorists. The two lines of argument which may be adopted on the present occasion are obvious. The grumblers, who form the largest part of mankind, will naturally say, Here is another warning of the peril of Arctic adventure. The crew of the *Polaris* have, it is true, all returned safe and sound; but that is no proof that they ought not all to have been drowned, starved, or frozen. Men have returned in safety after passing through the fire of batteries, and at least one man has been picked up alive after riding over a perpendicular cliff two hundred feet in height. For all this, nobody in his senses would maintain that it was justifiable in any man to expose himself to a vehement cannonade without some overpowering reason, or that it was at all a desirable amusement to jump over cliffs when you can with any decency stay at the top. The gambler who has won a bet when the odds were enormously against him always fancies that his success is a proof of his judgment in running the risk; but a saner judgment declares that his folly was just the same, whether or not a particular occurrence upon which he had no right to count came in time to save him. Now the crew of the *Polaris* have unmistakably run very serious risks. It is easy to suggest fifty accidents the possibility of any one of which is undeniable, and any one of which would have led to their annihilation. The ship itself might have been crushed outright instead of only suffering serious damage; the flimsy boats in which both parties had to make their escape might have been lost in the thousand dangers of an Arctic voyage. If the Esquimaux had not turned up, if the Esquimaux had not brought with them abundant supplies of clothes and walrus liver, if the flocks of auks had taken a different line in their migration, if the *Arctic* had not fallen in with the remnant of the crew at the right moment—if, in short, a thousand other "ifs" had become realities instead of possibilities—Captain Buddington and Mr. Chester, the mate, might never have returned to tell their story. This is undeniable, but the reply is equally clear. Here, will say the lovers of adventure, was a ship which by all accounts was most scantily provided for a serious expedition. She had not, as she ought to have had, a companion; the crew were a mere scratch collection and the discipline was apparently loose till a sense of common danger strengthened its bonds. The crew was suddenly split into two fractions by an accident which, if it could not have been avoided by obvious precautions, was certainly so strange as to be very unlikely to occur. Everything, in short, was against the adventurers which well could be against them. If a few pieces of good luck turned up in the shape of auks and walrus livers, we must add that there never was an expedition which had not some chances in its favour. A continuous run of the worst possible luck would of course ruin any adventure; but that is not a contingency which need be taken into account by a bold man. We may therefore assume that the expedition, so far from being unusually favoured, had much more to contend against than need be calculated upon by men who would repeat the experiment. And yet we see the result. The captain died of apoplexy before the misfortunes happened; but that was an accident which might have happened to him in Massachusetts just as easily as in latitude 80°. But the rest of the party, down to the baby at the breast, did not so much as lose a hair of their heads. They all came back safe and sound, and their success, so far as it proves anything, proves that the dangers of Arctic adventure have been considerably overrated. Turn people adrift with so little provision as the refugees from the *Polaris*, and it might have been admitted even by those who are most in favour of such adventures that the loss of at least some members of the party was next to a certainty. We might have admitted that the accident would be fatal, and only have denied that it was likely to occur. What has happened shows that, even when it does occur, despair is so far from being justified that we have a good precedent for expecting the escape of the persons exposed.

Which of these lines of argument is sound? To answer this question we must appeal to wider experience. To reason from particular cases is confessedly unfair. The real way to test the safety of Arctic expeditions is to compare the whole number of adventurers with the number of casualties. The story of the *Polaris*

adds an item to the favourable side of the account. It is not a very large item, but no fair process of argument can prove that it is not on the whole an additional reason for encouragement. When we add the consideration that the expedition was certainly not so arranged as to be even up to the average conditions of safety, the argument becomes still stronger. Without, therefore, endeavouring to extract from the event more than it will fairly bear, we may say that, whatever was the argument in favour of Arctic adventure this time last year, it is certainly rather stronger now. We shall not at present go over again the arguments for making one more attempt to secure for the English flag the honour of being the first to be displayed at the North Pole; nor will we discuss the propriety of Government assistance. Perhaps in the next Session of Parliament this question will be decided by a different set of authorities; and they may come to a conclusion less influenced by a simple regard to pounds, shillings, and pence. We will merely suggest at present that nobody would complain of the same task being attempted by private adventurers. Indeed Mr. Leigh Smith is at the present moment on his way to or from very high latitudes, and he is surely setting a very excellent example before his countrymen. There are always, so we are told, any number of rich English gentlemen panting for a new channel for the display of their adventurous spirit. Why should not more of them attempt a feat in which they would have the sympathy of men of science and the chance of being lions on the very grandest of scales? A few thousands of pounds would be sufficient; and, considering how many thousands are spent upon the amusements of the richer classes and in fitting out, for example, the pleasure fleet which dares the dangers of the Solent, is it presumptuous to hope that some one more daring than his fellows will consent to run the risk of living for a few months on walrus liver and taking a passage back on a homeward bound iceberg? The grouse-shooting has been very bad this year; why not pursue the immense flock of auks to their home in the Northern snows? If killing something is an essential condition of rational amusement, there appears to be a chance of polar bears and musk-oxen even in the unknown seas "behind the North wind"; and perhaps in those unsophisticated regions they may have the merit of being as tame as a British pheasant.

What may be done by this generation we know not; but the story of the *Polaris* certainly suggests that our grandchildren are not unlikely to find a new pleasure-ground amongst the icebergs when the Alps have become too stale to be worth breaking their necks upon. Consider, for example, those three Esquimaux who turned up, as it may be said, "quite promiscuously" in the winter quarters of the *Polaris*. An Esquimaux is of course more acclimated than the natives of England. But there seems to be no assignable reason why an Englishman, with the additional precautions suggested by civilization, should not be capable of going wherever an Esquimaux can lead him. If it is possible for these independent barbarians to stroll about in the Arctic regions in the middle of winter without any particular risk to life or limb, the problem of securing a reasonable degree of comfort in the Far North cannot be quite insoluble. We are inclined to expect that our descendants will look upon the old fogies who were deterred by dangers so familiar to them much as the Alpine Club of the present day looks upon their predecessors of the last generation who called the Matterhorn inaccessible, and made themselves heroes on the strength of an ascent of Mont Blanc. Trips round the world are coming into fashion as a pleasant way of spending a three months' holiday. In a short time trips to the Pole will perhaps be equally familiar and profitable. It is true that a new sense of enjoyment will have to be cultivated, which, in the existing difficulty of discovering sources of pleasure, is but an additional reason for making the effort. The Alpine precedent may be again quoted. A century or two ago everybody regarded the mountains as detestable phenomena, among which no reasonable man could venture who could stay at home; now a man writes himself down as insensible to natural beauty who refuses to go into ecstasies at the view of a lump of ice in the middle of summer. It is only extending the same process to learn to appreciate the charms of Arctic scenery. The glaciers of the North are incomparably greater, and ought to be grander, than the glaciers of Switzerland; and the Aurora Borealis provides a system of decoration far more striking than that glow of Alpine sunsets upon which so much poetry has been expended. The taste has not been actually developed, but we may distinguish its germs as already in existence. Meanwhile the race for the Pole is still open, and we should regard a diminution in the number of English entries as on the whole a more serious event than a falling off in the competition for the Derby. The *Polaris*, which was to be an awful warning to all adventurers, can certainly be no longer quoted in that sense; and if the moral may be stated too strongly on the other side, we may at least hope that it will rather whet than damp the desire for similar expeditions.

AGRICULTURAL UNIONS AND THE CLERGY.

THE principle of action which refuses to acknowledge defeat, and sees in temporary failure only a pledge of future success, is perhaps as old as human nature. But the forms of its manifestation may be found to vary greatly in different types of character. In one man its expression will be calm and dignified; in another, petulant, incoherent, and vindictive. The declining fortunes of a political party often give curious scope for its exhibition, and the

apparent setting in of a Conservative reaction just now affords an instance in point. Liberalism was conspicuously in the ascendant when in 1833 Froude and Newman chose their defiant motto for the *Lyra Apostolica*, "You shall know the difference now that I am back again," and there has been a good deal of this prophetic tone during the present autumn in the advice addressed to the English rural clergy by some Liberal speakers and writers, among whom the most prominent position belongs to the *Spectator*. The country clergy are for the most part Conservatives. This is a fact with which, however much or little we may deplore it, we have become tolerably familiar in the course of a good many years of experience, as well as from history. If the clergy, being Conservatives, act on the principles and follow the traditions of their party, there is very little reason for wonder, and very much less for the minatory lectures and uncomplimentary epithets with which they have lately been favoured in the lump, without any discrimination between the parsons who stick to the good old-fashioned grooves and those who are in their own judgment, and that of most other people, very steady and consistent Liberals. "Tros Tyriusve," it is all one; unless the clergyman accepts the particular shibboleth which it pleases his interrogator to propose, he is set down as a hopeless obstructive, "stupid" to the heart's core, "blind" in the very crisis of his fate, and sure "in five years"—the period, we suppose, when a new Government is expected to be worn out in its turn—to bring upon himself and all belonging to him disasters unknown and innumerable, as the immediate and certain consequences of his own obstinate pigheadedness. When we look to the special charges laid in the indictment upon which all this superstructure of regretful vituperation is founded, it appears that one great and main head of clerical offending, besides the Burials Bill and Education counts, is the attitude which the clergy are supposed to have taken in respect to the agitation connected with the Agricultural Labourers' Union and the actual or possible strikes which may take place under its auspices. "There never was in the whole history of the Church of England anything so unfortunate or so stupid as" this. Luckily the mischief has not gone so far as yet but that there is a way of escape for the inferior clergy. The bishops are past hope. One of their own number has already sealed their doom. Bishop Eliott has lighted a slow match—a measured time-fusee—which "will in five years" (Dr. Cumming seems to have set a fashion for definite chronology in prophesying) "turn the bishops out of the House of Lords." But for rectors and vicars there is yet a chance. They have only to submit themselves to the direction of Mr. Arch, to become corresponding secretaries for the Labourers' Union in every country parish, and to place their glebe land (well stocked to begin with) at its disposal for co-operative farms, and then perhaps the Church of England may last their time in the rural districts. They are on their trial, and only hold their present positions on popular sufferance. They must not even express a personal opinion as to their likes or dislikes in any agitation which may arise. "As if that signified!" Probably the personal opinion of any private man or woman upon any political subject signifies very little, unless he or she happens to be a great owner of property in a small Parliamentary borough. But nevertheless most people do exercise the right of expressing their likes and dislikes on subjects of current interest; and in so doing they are not supposed to be assuming the functions of legislators. The impatient parenthetic sneer at any clerical expression of opinion, "as if that signified," has therefore a curious look, as though, in the secret judgment of the critic, it did signify a great deal. Such a commentary would certainly not have been provoked by a similar expression of opinion from the parish doctor, or local attorney, or even from the nearest county magistrate. The involuntary admission on the part of a censor of the clergy is at any rate suggestive. It is possible that a clergyman himself may feel that, rightly or wrongly, his official position does give a certain importance in local opinion to the expression of his own judgment; and that therefore it is more incumbent on him than on most of his neighbours to be very careful in forming such a judgment, and to weigh his words well in giving utterance to it when it is formed. He has lived, it may be, many years, and has gained some small experience of men and things since the days of his fervid undergraduate oratory at the Union, when he threw himself with the headlong impetuosity of a neophyte into the advocacy of the last new scheme for the instantaneous regeneration of society, which turned out, after the next Long Vacation, to contain, by an unaccountable oversight, certain conditions which made it impracticable, not to say ridiculous. It was easy enough for him then to withdraw from a false position; it might not be so easy now, nor could he hastily take up a false position with the same impunity or with the same freedom from mischievous consequences.

It is somewhat disappointing when we find a journal like the *Spectator*, usually so philosophical and so anxious to lift men above the level of ordinary human passions and opinions, adopting as the basis of an argument on this subject one of the commonest and most transparent of popular fallacies. An acknowledged evil exists; some one with sufficient energy and self-confidence to make himself heard has started up to proclaim a remedy; therefore it is the immediate duty of every one who would not be held to range himself on the side of the evil to accept this particular remedy as infallible, and to agitate for its universal adoption. Fortunes are made out of quack medicines on the strength of this logic; but the victories of medical and sanitary science are won by other means. Without any special knowledge

of the local details of an agitation which is confessedly deprecated by "landowners, magistrates, and others," besides clergymen, and which "is to be further pushed by four great torchlight processions" in one district of Somersetshire, most persons accustomed to the exercise of grave and sober judgment would pause before committing themselves to its support. Those indeed who chance to have lived "through the history of the last year's Somersetshire agitation" in the very heart of the district where it was carried on, instead of merely "looking back" at newspaper reports of it, can perhaps tell how agricultural labourers themselves have sternly kept it at bay, while they have sought, in conjunction with farmers and landowners, to meet existing social and sanitary evils by other means. But think of "torchlight processions" in an agricultural district for the "pushing an agitation" of labour against capital immediately after the harvest has been stacked! The *Spectator* "hopes" that these processions will be "at once orderly and successful as demonstrations." In what way a torchlight procession can be "successful," to take a familiar instance, as a "demonstration," against a tumble-down cottage held by lease on lives which the landowner cannot touch till the lease falls in, we do not choose to guess; and for the "order" of such demonstrations we should not like to answer. But perhaps it is unfair to hold the *Spectator* to any literal and customary meaning of words and phrases. The "Church," for instance, throughout last week's article is used as an expression exactly equivalent to "the clergy of all denominations," and "every true Church" seems to be much the same thing as "every Christian minister." We had ourselves imagined that this way of talking had passed out of date some thirty years ago.

"Bishops and clergymen who stand aloof" from this torchlight agitation seem to the *Spectator* "to abdicate their offices as clergymen, not less than to neglect their duties as men." There may in the world of life and thought be other points of view from which this question may be examined. The attitude which many of the country clergy may fairly claim the right to assume with reference to the questions affecting the relations of capital and labour as they extend from the towns to the country parishes may not improbably be the same as that which the town clergy have for several years past adopted, not without general approbation. This has usually been guided by the rule that the clergy should not become active partisans either on the side of employers or employed. If they have been influenced in this course to some extent by motives of worldly prudence, or of what Bishop Butler has called a "reasonable self-love," they are not necessarily blameworthy for that. Disputes between masters and men are very much like quarrels between husband and wife so far as the interference of third parties is concerned; and a truce may often be declared while the opposing forces unite to rid themselves of the presence of the interloper. Manufacturers and artisans not seldom coincide in the doubt whether the parson knows enough about the matter in hand to be able to form an opinion on its merits; and the parson himself may be disposed to agree with them, and to confine any expression of his own judgment in the matter to a friendly warning here and there against the risk of exchanging the frying-pan for the fire. It is quite possible that the personal sympathies of the clergyman may be enlisted on the side of labour rather than on that of capital. In a strike which is probably among the earliest, as well as among the most severe and protracted, within living memory, a country clergyman came boldly forward on the side of the men, and—it was forty-five years ago—was imprisoned for twelve months in the county gaol as a consequence. His zeal had outrun his discretion, but there are many clergymen now who in a clear case of right against wrong would risk the same penalty. A country clergyman may, however, with some reason hesitate to allow that the relation of the labourer to the work, and therefore to the employer, stands on the same footing in the two cases of ordinary manufactures and of agriculture. He may think that a product which may be obtained at any time, and which is not an immediate necessary of life, may be dealt with in accordance with other laws than will apply to products which depend absolutely on the conditions of seasons and of weather, and which are the staff of human and animal life. He may therefore feel himself, and may recommend to others, very much greater caution and deliberation in raising or sanctioning a movement which applies the principles of the Trade Union and the possible pressure of strikes to agriculture than he might think necessary in the case of a manufacturing industry. At any rate, if his opinion confessedly "signifies," in the judgment of his censors themselves, he is bound to be especially circumspect in all that he says or does upon the question, and to take the risk of such hasty criticism as the exigencies of a political crisis may bring upon him. The consolations of modern prophecy are no doubt materially enhanced when the prediction of the better time coming can be coupled with some good mouth-filling denunciations of the "proud oppressors" who for the moment happen to be in power. But it may be as well to bear in mind that an oracle, when oracles were in fashion, lost none of its authority by being discreetly vague; and a prudent prophet will take care to qualify his predictions, even at the cost of some sacrifice of their force, by leaving for himself an explanatory hole to creep out at, if the course of events should prove perversely at variance with the more obvious interpretation of his words.

THE OLD CATHOLIC CONGRESS AT CONSTANCE.

THE third Old Catholic Congress, which closed its sittings on Tuesday last, derives a peculiar interest from the place and the period of its assemblage. The first had met in 1871 at Munich, responding to the challenge thrown down to Catholic Germany in Dr. Dollinger's famous manifesto; the second, last year at Cologne, when the movement originating in Bavaria had spread to the North and was making itself felt in the very heart of the Catholic Rhineland. This time the scene has again been shifted from North to South; but instead of returning to Munich, the Congress has migrated, in view of the extending area of the constituency it represents, to the confines of Switzerland. Hardly any Swiss deputies were present last September at Cologne; but since then the progress of the movement has been so rapid, especially in the dioceses of Basle and Geneva, that already several parishes have passed into the hands of the Old Catholics, and a preliminary Conference was held on the 31st of August at Olten, as well to select representatives in compliance with an invitation issued by the Central Committee to attend the approaching Congress, as to discuss plans of national Church organization and the erection of a national bishopric. There was, therefore, a local as well as historical fitness in the selection of Constance this year as the place of meeting, and the vast *Concilium-Saal* on the shore of the Lake, named from the great reforming Council of the fifteenth century which sat within its walls, afforded every facility for the purpose. Nor was the time less significant than the place of assembling. At the two previous Congresses the movement was passing through a tentative phase, and it has only within the last few weeks completed its essential organization—for much, of course, still remains to be done—by the election and consecration of a Bishop. Just before this last event the venerable Archbishop of Utrecht, who occupied so conspicuous a place at Cologne, had passed away, and the Anglican prelates who were then present have been obliged this year to content themselves with expressing their sympathy by letter. But their absence was evidently felt to be more than compensated by the appearance of Bishop Reinkens, who met with a most enthusiastic reception. Two American prelates, Bishop Doane of Albany and Dr. Lynam, Bishop-Elect of North Carolina, were present, and the Archbishop of Syria and Bishop of Haarlem wrote, like the Bishops of Winchester and Lincoln, to testify their regret at being unable to attend. All the great German leaders were there, with the exception of Dollinger, whose personal counsel was the less urgently needed as the movement has now passed beyond its theoretical stage, the principles and theological basis of Old Catholicism being already defined; and this third Congress was occupied exclusively, as the second was principally, with the settlement of practical details. The Anglican Church was represented by Dr. Howson, Dean of Chester—who has expressed in a letter to the *Guardian* his warm admiration for those "kings of men," Schulte, and Bishop Reinkens—Dr. Heidenheim, English chaplain at Zurich, and several other clergymen. Dr. Michaud and Dr. Pressensé represented the Catholics and Protestants of France; two Archpriests came from Russia, and Professor Holzmann spoke for the German Protestants, or rather Rationalists, whose sympathy was of course of a very general and negative kind. Father Hyacinthe was among the deputies from Switzerland, and three ecclesiastics attended from the Church of Holland.

The order of proceeding seems to have been much the same as on previous occasions. A friendly soirée, at which informal addresses were made and greetings exchanged, was held on the Thursday evening; the business sittings occupied Friday and part of Saturday, and public meetings, attended by many thousands, were held on Saturday and Sunday afternoon. On Sunday morning Bishop Reinkens preached an impressive, but entirely uncontroversial, sermon to an immense congregation at High Mass at St. Augustine's Church. One innovation was made this year, by admitting ladies as guests, though not as delegates, to the sittings of the Congress; about fifty of them were present on Thursday evening at the preliminary reception in the Council Hall, and a larger number at the dinner given to above three hundred guests on Saturday evening. Herr Wiesen, who presided on Thursday, welcomed the guests in a few graceful words, and referred to the solemn associations of the chamber in which they were assembled. The Bishop of Albany then spoke in English, to convey the greetings of the American Church, observing that he had himself proposed the address of sympathy with the movement in the General Convention. He referred to the close union between America and Germany, which would, he trusted, be cemented in the future by the more intimate bond of religious unity, and said that what chiefly struck his fellow-Churchmen in America was the combination of courage with patience and wisdom displayed by the Old Catholics, especially by their priests. The Archpriest from Moscow followed, and then Professor Holzmann, after which the Abbé Michaud delivered what is described as a speech of passionate eloquence on the position and prospects of the cause in his own country. He assured his hearers, from his own personal knowledge, that there was a large number in France, even among the clergy, who were with them at heart, but under the double pressure of ecclesiastical and civil restraints did not as yet dare to avow themselves; nor are Old Catholics permitted by the existing French law to meet for worship except in private. Dr. Heidenheim and Dean Howson then briefly conveyed to the meeting the assurance of English sympathy, the Dean claiming to speak expressly for the Bishop of Winchester. Bishop Reinkens finally responded to the many kindly greetings he had received,

and expressed his confidence in the future growth of the movement under the Divine blessing which had so signally attended its course hitherto. Their organized congregations already amounted to over 50,000, whereas when he took counsel with his friends at Nuremberg in August 1870 they were but fourteen.

The real business of the Congress began on Friday morning, when Schulte was for the third time elected President and opened the proceedings by the delivery of a long and forcible address, recounting the steps taken by the Committee appointed at Cologne to provide for the election and consecration of a bishop, and their negotiations on the subject with the Archbishop of Utrecht and Prince Bismarck, which last had been of the most friendly character, and would result in a few days in the formal recognition of Bishop Reinkens by the Prussian Government, which is now reported to have actually taken place. The speaker then reviewed the present statistics of the Old Catholic body in Germany, and showed that, while there were 22 regularly organized congregations in Prussia, 33 in Bavaria, and 27 in Baden, numbering altogether over 50,000 members, they had in fact not less than 200,000 devoted and zealous adherents in the Empire, and many more were waiting to join them. No such progress as this had been made in the early years of the Reformation, and the present movement had to fight its way in an age when Ultramontane corruption had deeply infected the Church with materialism and indifference. In Italy, according to the account given by Bonghi, two-thirds at least of the people were open infidels, while scepticism and fanaticism disputed possession of the remainder. These things should be remembered when the conventional claim of the New Catholics to "two hundred million" adherents was so glibly repeated from mouth to mouth. Letters of sympathy from foreign bishops and others were then read, and an invitation from the American Evangelical Alliance, signed by Dr. Schaff, and asking the Congress to send three representatives to a meeting to be held next month at New York. Schulte pointed out the practical difficulties in the way of complying with this suggestion at so short a notice, but a reply was drawn up giving emphatic assurances of the intention of the Old Catholics to proceed in the work of reform. The business transacted at the Congress, as we intimated just now, was of a purely practical kind. The scheme of Church law drawn up by the General Committee was adopted with slight modification, but expressly declared to be "provisional," as the present state of things, while all the episcopal sees are in the hands of infallibilists, can only be considered a transitional one, and the Old Catholic body in Germany does not claim as yet to be more than a single diocese; not a province, still less a national Church. These rules provide for the constitution of the Episcopal Synod, with the bishop at its head, consisting of all the priests under his jurisdiction, and a lay delegate for every two hundred members of the congregation. It is to meet once a year, at Whitsuntide, or oftener if summoned by the bishop and his Council, the Council being chosen by the Synod, and consisting of four priests and five laymen, one of each order retiring every year. The bishop will be elected by the Synod, but from a list of names proposed by the Council, and he is to appoint a Vicar-General to act in his absence or during a vacancy. Every congregation is to elect its own pastors, who are to be confirmed by the bishop, but they are not to be removable, except by canonical process, and for a proved offence against the faith or discipline of the Church. Resolutions were also passed, providing funds for the education of students for the priesthood, which Bishop Reinkens declared to be a matter of pressing importance, and the more so, as Professor Knoedt and others insisted that clerical education in Germany during the last ten or fifteen years had sunk so low that "New Catholic priests" who joined the movement would not be qualified for parochial cures. The offertory collected at the English service on Sunday, where Dr. Lynam and Dean Howson officiated, was devoted to this object. There was a good deal of warm discussion on these and other practical details, as also on a proposal of Dr. Michelis, one of the most vigorous spokesmen of the movement, to take immediate action in the matter of reunion, instead of simply continuing the permanent Committee appointed last year at Cologne to deal with the subject. He wanted to have two Committees formed—one to sit at Munich, and enter into communication with the Eastern Churches, the other to sit at Bonn, and communicate with Christian bodies in the West; the two meanwhile maintaining close relations of mutual intercourse, and both alike being ready to enter into negotiations with the German clergy of different confessions. It was eventually determined to refer the matter to the Episcopal Council.

There does not seem much to call for criticism, at least from an outsider, in the measures adopted by the Congress, which were confessedly tentative and provisional, all really important questions being adjourned for the consideration of the future Synod. An official report will of course appear in due time. Meanwhile it is obvious to remark on the business-like character of the whole proceedings, and the quiet confidence and calm common-sense view of their position and duties which appear to have animated those who took part in them. Reinkens was evidently regarded on all sides as pre-eminently fitted for his position, and it can hardly fail to conduce materially to the success of the rising community to have such a man at its head. Schulte was himself careful to explain that he considered his own responsibility for the movement almost at an end. For the last three years he has laboured indefatigably at its organization, which is now so far completed that henceforth the conduct of affairs passes into the hands of the

bishop and his Synod, which is to meet next Easter. Nor did Reinkens shrink from assuming the leadership thus devolved upon him. It was observed that, while the political and national aspect of the question seemed to be uppermost for the moment in the minds of the lay speakers at the Congress, who felt the urgent practical importance of securing the recognition of the Prussian Government, the Bishop lost no opportunity of insisting on the essentially religious character of the conflict in which they were engaged. His closing speech at the public meeting on Saturday was an emphatic vindication of the popular use of the Bible. But the critical period in the history of the movement is yet to come. To destroy is always easier than to construct, and hitherto, from the necessity of the case, protest and resistance have been the order of the day. With this third Congress, which has laid the foundation of a disciplinary system, a new era opens. The work already accomplished only professes, indeed, to be elementary and provisional; but in such cases much depends on the first start. The example of Father Hyacinthe, who has already settled the question of clerical celibacy and mass in the vernacular on his own hook, so to say, is enough to show that there are some very unruly spirits among even the prominent spokesmen of the party. And although their organization is independent, and the Swiss deputies took no very prominent part in the recent Congress, there is a pretty close solidarity established now between the Old Catholics of Germany and Switzerland. Dr. Schulte reminded his hearers, with pardonable pride, of the far greater advance made in three years by the present movement than was achieved in a much longer period by Luther. There is one homely lesson, however, which may profitably be learnt from the experience of the German Reformation when once it did begin to advance, which is conveyed in the familiar proverb, *Festina lente*. As long as men like Schulte and Reinkens are able to retain the control of affairs, there is not perhaps much danger that the warning will be forgotten.

CONFEDERATED HOMES.

THE British Association seems to think itself entitled to take cognizance of all those subjects over which another body of philosophers has in recent years assumed a special supervision. It is perhaps rather hard upon the Social Science Congress, which will meet next week, to be anticipated in the discussion of such eminently social subjects as cookery and household work; but we must nevertheless admit that Mrs. King at Bradford had something to say upon these subjects which deserves attention. This lady, who is, we believe, American, describes English maid-servants as living in semi-slavery, and she insisted on their right to enjoy the society of men. We understand her to mean that mistresses ought no longer to object to "followers," nor to express displeasure at flirtations between their maids and the baker or policeman. Her proposal for "confederated homes" implies that masters and mistresses and their children are to live under one roof, and servants under another. Except at fixed hours, or in special cases, the luxury of ringing the bell will have to be renounced, because there will be nobody on the premises to answer it. A family will live on the same plan as a single man at Oxford or Cambridge, to whom a scout or bed-maker comes at certain hours to do necessary work and then departs. Mrs. King appears to consider that economy of labour would result from her plan, and probably to some extent she is correct. We see how quickly the work of cleaning and putting rooms in order is performed in a large hotel, and we might safely assume that the same quantity of work is done more slowly in private houses. Of course in a large hotel they do not clean for cleaning's sake, or because it is Saturday, but merely do what is wanted, and no more, or even less. One obvious advantage of Mrs. King's plan would be that the trouble and difficulty of feeding servants would be got rid of, and master and mistress would be at liberty to demean themselves by eating Australian meat if they were so inclined. It is perhaps premature to speculate on the introduction of the ubiquitous Chinaman into England, but in some countries which were colonized from England he does nearly all the domestic work there is to do, and he comes at fixed hours to do it in houses where his residence would be intolerable. The "confederated homes" which Mrs. King proposes would, we presume, be arranged on the principle of what are called flats, and it would hardly be convenient in a flat to do without one servant unless the lady of the flat could undertake the duty of saying that she was not at home to disagreeable visitors. This, however, is a detail which would adjust itself. It would be easy to appoint one evening in the week for being at home, and to decline to receive all but necessary visits at other times. If the system of "confederated homes" should promise to produce the abolition of morning calls, that would be a clear advantage. It would be part of such a system to have gas and water laid on at every floor, and to employ lifts for raising coals and other heavy weights, instead of having them carried up by servants. Ladies, we believe, find life in a flat, where the windows look out on nothing, very dull; but perhaps if they undertook a share of domestic work this deprivation would be less serious. Mrs. King indeed suggests that the cheerfulness and pleasure of the inhabitants of "confederated homes" would be promoted by neighbourly intercourse; but that is hardly consistent with the habit of London, where it has been usually accounted a convenience that you need not know your next-door neighbour. Mrs. King thinks that in "confederated homes" the want which young men and young women feel of social intercourse and variety

of amusement would be met naturally and healthily. But mothers might perhaps regard the probable consequences to their daughters of this social intercourse as dangerous. Of course, if we could choose our neighbours, all would be delightful, but then we could not.

The reports of Mrs. King's paper are imperfect, and perhaps it may have had a more practical aspect than these reports exhibit. But she certainly seems to us to take too little account of obvious difficulties. Thus she says that, "with combination in cooking, we could afford to have an artist to guide and direct the staff of inferior cooks." This sounds like a proposal for dinners and suppers in a common hall, which, however economically justifiable, would be destructive of domestic comfort. If there is to be a separate dinner or supper in each "home," there must be at least one person in that home to cook the food and serve it up. If the mistress of the "home" can and will do this, so much the better for herself and her husband; but much training both of the wife who cooks and of the husband who eats would be needed to produce a satisfactory result. In order to deal completely with this branch of the subject of "homes," it would be necessary to investigate first principles. We must begin by inquiring what is a dinner? The English notion of a dinner differs from that of almost all the rest of the world, and it is to be feared that our devotion to roast beef would be fatal to any project for economizing labour in the kitchen. It is true that you can get roast beef in almost any Continental country, but then it is not roasted. In England we demand large joints roasted before a large fire. In France it is usual to cook no more meat than is likely to be eaten, and to employ no more fuel than is absolutely necessary. Thus if the mistress of a French "home" undertook to dress dinner for her family, she would neither be required to handle such heavy weights nor to expose herself to such a degree of heat as in an English kitchen. She might dress a dinner sufficient, according to French ideas, for herself, her husband, and children, with only such assistance as she could get from an intelligent girl or boy. We do not suppose that a man of education and refinement would desire that his wife should habitually cook dinner for his family, but still it is useful to consider what is possible. The important point to observe is, that economy in food, fuel, and labour go together. We had forgotten to observe that the "homes" might be warmed in winter by heated air, so as to dispense, at least partially, with the wasteful practice of burning coals in open fireplaces. This, again, would be a change abhorrent to the feelings of many English men and women, but the high price of coals will compel it. If we cannot alter our own habits, we had better bring up our sons and daughters to accept a stove as a substitute for the sacred fire of the domestic hearth.

It cannot be doubted that "the organization of labour" might to some extent be applied to domestic purposes by means of these "confederated homes." We understand that an attempt has been made to introduce the principle of common servants in a block of new buildings called Belgrave Mansions, where lifts are used to economize labour. These mansions are stated to be so far a financial success that they are always full, but "they are not the social success they ought to be only because they are managed in the interest of the proprietors for the sake of profit, instead of, as they ought to be, in the interest of the tenants." The gentleman who gave this information to Mrs. King seems to have adopted a new and harmless form of socialism. If he expects landlords of house property in London to manage it in the interests of anybody but themselves, he possesses the inestimable advantage of a sanguine disposition. If his words have any meaning at all, they imply that the proprietors ought only to let apartments or flats in these mansions to those whom the tenants, or rather the tenants' wives, could agree in considering "nice" people. This is an extravagance of tenant-right which could hardly have been invented even in Ireland. We suppose that the alleged want of social success in these mansions consists in this, that the occupants entirely decline to exhibit any sociability with one another. This is a difficulty which we fear cannot be removed by reading papers in sections. Mrs. King remarks that the English are sociable abroad, and asks why they cannot be the same at home. The obvious answer is that they are sociable abroad because they are not at home. It is said that when the plague raged under King Charles II. the Duke of Buckingham took refuge in the country, where he made himself so agreeable to his tenants that, when he was leaving, they inquired when they should see him again. The Duke answered, "Not till the next plague." So we are mutually agreeable abroad because we know that we can cut one another at home. If we met our actual next-door neighbours of a London street, we should probably be cautious about speaking to them even in a Swiss hotel on a wet day.

The discussion which followed the reading of Mrs. King's paper was even more barren than the paper itself in practical suggestion. One speaker regretted that modern life entirely severed the husband from the wife in matters of business. If this remark referred to what is commonly called London, it should be remembered that modern life during the hours of work is, in a large and increasing number of instances, transacted by the husband at a distance of five or ten miles from his wife. We might almost say that nobody, either principal or assistant, lives in the City of London, where an enormous mass of business is transacted. It may well be that the character of that business has been affected by the circumstance that it is transacted almost entirely between the hours of ten and four o'clock in the day. Rapidity and despatch have been attained in business, and Mrs. King thinks that this is equally desirable in household work; but perhaps in both cases

there is something to be said on the other side. As regards the wish expressed by a speaker, that wives might resume their positions as assistants and advisers of their husbands, it is to be remarked that marriages in England are apt to produce a number of children, and it is thought by some social philosophers that family and household duties ought to engage more of the time and thoughts of wives than they do at present. Miss Becker, on the other hand, being, as might be expected, in the van of progress in these matters, would carry the organization of labour to the extent of entirely superseding what she calls "domestic drudgery." Women, she says, are expected with their own hands to make the clothes of the family, and this is "a most uneconomical employment of labour." We should be inclined to accept Miss Becker's words, although not exactly in the sense in which she used them. It would be a very uneconomical employment of labour if women in general were to make their husbands coats or trousers or shirts, because nothing is so wasteful as a misfit. But we see women constantly employed in needlework which appears to the uninstructed eye of man to have some application to the clothing of herself or somebody else. A husband goes into the City by train, and a wife, after supervising (very ineffectually as Mrs. King would say) her house and kitchen, sits down to needlework, and finds therein sufficient occupation until her husband returns. If the organizers of labour take away the needlework and leave the wife, what is she to do? Mrs. King appears to contemplate that very superior women—so superior, in fact, that men are almost afraid to marry them—would be the heads of the proposed organization of labour, and those who desired employment in domestic work would take service under them. A married woman might perhaps govern a corps of housemaids and cooks; but her duties and opportunities of usefulness as a wife would rather be diminished than increased under the new system. Mrs. King sneers, and perhaps justly, at lectures on cooking to ladies, which she calls playing with the frying-pan. But it is beyond doubt that Englishwomen of the middle class possessed in the last century a knowledge and practice in domestic work which to a great extent they have lost now. We may remember that Mrs. Beecher Stowe ascribes to a lady of New England the habit of arranging her own bedroom, and this habit was probably carried by the early colonists to America. The superior skill of Frenchwomen in domestic matters has been very forcibly described in a recent publication. If this model is too high for Englishwomen, they may at least endeavour to imitate their own grandmothers.

THE BATTLE OF NIEUPOORT.

THE battle of Nieuport, fought in the last year of the sixteenth century, was one of the most famous fights of the long war which won the independence of the United Provinces. As a military exploit it is one of the most remarkable on record. An army which seemed doomed to destruction, which at one point of the battle was on the very brink of destruction, turned about and won a complete victory. And the battle is one which must always have a special interest for Englishmen. English troops, led by an English commander, took a leading part in the fight. And it was one of those days which come home more closely to us than many of the days when Englishmen have won glory in Continental warfare. At Nieuport Englishmen were not only beyond all doubt fighting in a good cause; they were also fighting side by side with the nearest of our Continental kinsmen. Those of the great family who ages before had crossed into Britain, and those who had stayed behind on the mainland, were there working in one common cause against the enemies of the religion and freedom of both. This of course is true of every time through the whole war when Englishmen took a part in it. Everywhere in the United Provinces, everywhere along the whole coast from Flanders to Sleswick, we are among near kinsmen. But none are nearer than those with whom the English were placed in the closest fellowship at Nieuport. Along with the English fought the Frisians; men nearer to us even than any other of our kinsfolk of the Low Countries; men who, scattered along the various points of that long coast, had everywhere shown themselves the stoutest defenders of freedom, and had everywhere kept firmly to a tongue differing less from our own than any other form of Continental speech. When at Nieuport we find Englishmen and Frisians acting specially together, when we read in Grotius "in primori acie Anglos Frisiosque Verius tuebatur," we feel carried back to the days when Prokopios classed together *Ἀγγελοι* and *Φρισηες* among the inhabitants of our island. And it certainly is not pleasant, it jars somewhat on the old family harmony, to find a distinguished writer of English blood and speech in their third home going out of his way to depreciate hastily, to say the least, the character and services of the man who led the English contingent on that memorable day.

The battle of Nieuport fills a conspicuous place in the early part of the fourth volume of Mr. Motley's *History of the United Netherlands*. It was the beginning and ending of an expedition designed in the year 1600 by the States-General, with Barneveldt at their head—rather, it would seem, against the counsels of the stadholder Prince Maurice of Nassau—into the obedient provinces, the provinces which had fallen back under the dominion of Spain, and which were then ruled by Philip's daughter Isabella and her husband, the Archduke Albert. Ostend, presently to become the scene of almost the most famous siege in history, though already threatened, was in the hands of the States, and, if they could get hold of Nieuport, they would

have had the command of nearly the whole Flemish coast. They would most probably have been able to put an end to the piracies of the men of Dunkirk, and to cut off the Archdukes from any communication by sea. As an expedition the enterprise failed utterly; Nieupoort was not won, nor was any solid advantage gained; but the army of the States, surprised and threatened as every one thought with utter overthrow, came back bringing with them the glory of a battle wonderfully gained, though bringing with them nothing else.

In this battle the English troops were commanded by Sir Francis Vere, one of the most eminent of those great English soldiers of the Elizabethan age who learned experience in Continental warfare and handed it on to the men who were to show themselves their disciples in the civil warfare of the next age. Vere took a leading part in the battle; he was severely wounded there, and he wrote an account at least of his own share in the business. That account Mr. Motley brands as untruthful, and he deals harshly with Vere's conduct altogether, allowing to him no praise beyond that of mere personal courage which he doubtless shared with every man under his command. But if he has thus been, we must say unfairly, dealt with by an English writer beyond the Ocean, Vere has not failed to find a more immediate countryman ready to come to his defence. Sir Francis Vere was the military teacher, and by marriage the uncle, of Thomas Lord Fairfax, and he being so, Mr. Clements Markham, as the biographer of Fairfax, feels bound to him by a certain secondary tie of allegiance. In his geographical periodical *Ocean Highways*, which we cannot help thinking would do better to keep to its second title of the *Geographical Review*, Mr. Markham has undertaken a series of articles on Military Geography, a series of scientific examinations of the sites of many battles and sieges, which will be a really valuable contribution to history. Mr. Markham, it will be remembered, has already done something in this way in the very clear maps and plans which accompanied his *Life of Fairfax*, and which, with the general vigour of his military narratives, led us, when we reviewed his book, into a mistake as to his profession. The mistake was not so bad as when a reviewer of Mrs. Davies's *History of Holland*, struck with the vigour and accuracy of her military descriptions, fell into the trap laid in the title-page—where the author gave no further description of herself than "C. M. Davies"—and cried out admiringly, "There can be no doubt as to what is Mr. Davies's profession." We have since learned that Mr. Markham's own services to his country were done by sea and not by land, but it is not the less plain that he has given a good deal of attention to the science of warlike operations on shore. We are glad therefore that he has undertaken this series, and we do not complain that, evidently jealous for the fame of one so closely connected as Sir Francis Vere was with his own immediate hero, he has chosen to begin with the battle of Nieupoort.

Our readers will hardly expect us to enlarge here on every point in dispute between Mr. Motley and Mr. Markham; to do so would come to nothing less than a minute military examination of the battle. But we may point out that Mr. Motley's insinuations against the general good faith of Sir Francis Vere fall utterly to the ground. We allow that Vere's account as to certain advice given to, and either refused or followed by, Count Lewis Gunther of Nassau does not exactly agree with that given by Count Lewis himself. But Mr. Motley himself, as the Duke of Wellington did before him, remarks that no two persons, even eyewitnesses and actors, ever give exactly the same account of a battle. We might be inclined to add that what is true of a battle—the Duke adds, of a ball—is also true of everything else. It is far more likely that Sir Francis Vere and Count Lewis Gunther did not fully understand one another than that either of them wilfully failed either to do his duty in the battle or to report it faithfully afterwards. But if we are to choose between one and the other, the particular reason which Mr. Motley gives for preferring the narrative of Count Lewis at once falls to the ground. Mr. Motley says that the accounts written by the Nassau princes were not meant for publication, but only for their own friends. Sir Francis Vere, he tells us, wrote and published a party pamphlet for his own purposes, to make much of himself and his own troops, and to depreciate the services of their comrades of other nations. Mr. Markham, on the other hand, shows that Vere's narrative was of exactly the same kind as those of the princes; it was a narrative written for his own friends, and which was not published till more than fifty years after the time, when he had long been dead. Mr. Motley too, for some unexplained reason, always quotes Vere in French. He seems not to know of the English original which Mr. Markham uses, nor does Mr. Markham know where Mr. Motley got his French translation. We must confess that we unite in ourselves the deficiencies of both our authors; we know Vere's narrative only through the extracts which they have given us, as neither of them tells us where the narrative in full is to be found. But so far as we can judge in this imperfect way, we do not see any signs of that jealousy of the other parts of the army and their commanders which Mr. Motley attributes to him. Mr. Motley complains that Vere does not mention the gallant action of Count Ernest at Leffinghen just before the battle of Nieupoort. Now, according to Mr. Markham, Sir Francis Vere's "Commentaries" are "narratives of 'diverse pieces of service in which he had command.'" Vere had no command at Leffinghen, and the Stadholder Maurice actually kept what had happened at Leffinghen secret from Vere and the rest of the army. This may perhaps account for his silence. And certainly, when Mr. Motley charges Vere with exaggerating the services of the English, and attributing

to them the chief honour and the chief loss in the battle, we must say that Mr. Markham's defence of Vere's statement is fully born out by the words of Grotius to which he does not refer:—

E victore exercitu mille ferme desiderati, præter quos Ernestus amiserat: maxima pars Angli, quorum promptissima fuerat virtus, ejus gentis centuriones octo in pugna occubuerant, ceteri omnes vulnerati extra duos. (The names of most of these officers are given by Bor, iv. 653.)

Mr. Motley also says that Vere is not to be believed, because he represents the army as having been two or three days in the neighbourhood of Nieupoort before the battle, whereas, according to Mr. Motley, the Stadholder only got there one day and the battle was fought the next. Mr. Markham shows that there is no contradiction, as the army did not come all at once. Bor (650), who speaks most honourably of Vere, shows that the Stadholder and the Count of Solms came on different days. Altogether, from such evidence as we have before us, Mr. Markham seems quite to have made out his point, and Mr. Motley is at least bound, as Mr. Markham suggests, to consider the matter afresh in future editions of his history.

Mr. Markham's map brings clearly before our mind the wonderfully small space in which the battle was fought. If we have rightly used his scale of yards—for it is a matter of yards, and not of miles—no part of one army was so much as half a mile away from the furthest part of the other. The battle and the whole story is one which is eminently worth studying, and it is quite worth while to compare the accounts given by Mr. Motley and Mr. Markham with one another and with those of writers nearer the time. Though the victory did not lead to the great expectations with which the States-General sent forth the Stadholder and his army, yet the defeat of the renowned Spanish infantry in open battle was no light matter. Grotius gives a number of picturesque details, many of which are followed by Mr. Motley; and Grotius too points out a curious coincidence that the battle of Nieupoort, in which an Albert of Austria was overthrown by a prince of Nassau, was fought on the anniversary, and narrowly escaped being the tercentenary, of the battle of Göttingen, where, on July 2, 1298, an earlier Albert of Austria had overthrown King Adolf, up to that time the only King of the House of Nassau, the King who, under a higher title than he had any right to, is still so highly revered among the ale-houses of his own county:—

Veterum curiosi annotabant ferme tribus ante seculis Albertum Austriacum Adolpho Nassavio congressum vitam imperiumque rapuisse eademque nunc die, quæ est postidie Sextilis (?) calendæ, mutata domum fata.

THE THEATRES.

WE could have little to say upon the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, and that little has been said already. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has described Mr. Chatterton's undertaking as "the revival of Shakspeare on *Babil and Bijou* principles," and we cannot improve upon this language; which, indeed, we should ourselves have used if we had not been anticipated. As Mr. Puff says, two persons happened to think of the same thing, and one of them was the first to publish it. We fear, indeed, that the same thing must have been thought of by many other persons who had no opportunity of publishing it. It is melancholy to remark that this comparison was obvious and inevitable. We do not blame Mr. Chatterton for dealing thus with *Antony and Cleopatra*, nor can we praise his work. He promises a pantomime at Christmas, and, considering that his company are rehearsing for it every night, the production ought to be successful. In our view it matters not whether a ballet be called Egyptian or Roman or what else, as the same persons will do the same things whether the reputed author of the piece be Shakspeare or Mr. Blanchard. If we could have the tragedy or what is left of it first and the dances afterwards there would be an economy of time and patience. We were about to quote the story of the housekeeper who desired the dairyman to let him have his milk and water in separate jugs; but doubtless this story has been already quoted in this connexion. In fact, all figures of speech and forms of language applicable to the miserable condition of the English drama have been exhausted, and we have become weary even of expressing weariness.

It is only fair to Mr. Chatterton to acknowledge that his predecessors in management would doubtless have resorted to the same artifices that he uses if they had been available; but we do not think they would have relied upon them so exclusively. The depressing feature of modern management is its hopeless, unvarying monotony. We are told that the play which Mr. Chatterton has selected for his experiment was produced in 1758, "with scenery, dresses, and decorations expressly designed to fulfil the same purpose as that aimed at by the modern manager," who has better appliances at his disposal. We believe this statement is correct, and we believe also that, as the experiment of 1758 did not succeed, the bill was changed within a few nights. The habitual playgoer, if any exist, cannot hope for such luck now. It is fortunate that the free admissions of the renters of the theatre are transferable, for we should fear that a protracted course of spectacular Shakspeare might otherwise drive some sensitive renter into a madhouse. If there were upon the stage an actress equal to the part of *Cleopatra* we might desire to see her in it more than once; but we could hardly bring ourselves to undergo a repetition of "the path of flowers" and other business of the *Babil and Bijou* kind. If Mr. Chatterton expected to realize the promise put forth on his behalf in the *Daily Telegraph*, he must be disappointed. It is not possible "to gratify equally the ad-

mirers of elaborate stage effects and the appreciators of dramatic poetry"—at least not upon the same night. But it would be permissible in the manager of a theatre which aspires to be national to address himself to different tastes on different nights. As he has engaged some actors of talent and experience, he is not absolutely without the means of importing variety into his programme. He might try the effect of performing a non-spectacular play—as, for example, *Julius Cæsar*, once a week. The part of Antony in this play is well suited to Mr. Anderson, who used to stir up the East-enders effectually when he played it at the Standard Theatre. The skill of Mr. Ryder as a speaker would be well shown in the same play. The pit and galleries would certainly encourage such an experiment, and it would be useful in affording the company a change of parts. Mr. Chatterton must be aware that he has hardly found an actress equal to the difficult task imposed on her, and it might occur to him that in the seven years of his management he has done little to supply the void which he is now experiencing. We do not blame him for managing his theatre on a paying principle, but when his supporters in the press ascribe to him "judicious administration of the national theatre," it does not seem unreasonable to notice that the position claimed involves a duty. Much has been deservedly said in praise of the talent of the young lady who plays Cleopatra, and it is a serious drawback to the development of that talent to deprive it of all variety of exercise. Mr. Chatterton, who possesses "a keen appreciation of the requirements of the modern playgoer," may perhaps discover in time that one play of Shakspeare is as good as another, provided it includes a ballet, and thus out of the monotony of which we complain may be evolved the variety which in recent years we have hopelessly desired. We do not, indeed, at this moment see our way to introducing a ballet into *Julius Cæsar*, but we quite believe that Mr. Halliday and Mr. Cormack could manage this between them. There is a dance of "Amazons" at Drury Lane Theatre as there has been in every piece, whether pantomime or tragedy, produced within the same walls during the last two years; and if, as appears likely, any piece may be made popular by the same method, the manager may look forward to a long career of "spectacular Shakspearian" prosperity. He will continue to appeal "to the eye and the senses as well as to the understanding," and it may be hoped that "the path of flowers" (manifestly artificial) will lead to wealth.

Mr. Halliday says that he has addressed himself to the task of representing "the passion of the single pair" of lovers. But this is exactly the task which Dryden undertook and performed. Dryden announced in the prologue to *All for Love, or the World Well Lost*—

He brings a tale which often has been told,
As sad as Dido's, and almost as old.
His hero, whom you will his bully call,
Bates of his mettle, and scarce rants at all.
He's somewhat lewd, but a well-meaning mind;
Weeps much, fights little, but is wondrous kind.

I could name more; a wife and mistress too,
Both, to be plain, too good for most of you;
The wife well-natured, and the mistress true.

The unities, as to which Mr. Halliday is supposed to feel anxiety, are observed by Dryden only too carefully. It would not suit the modern manager to be allowed only a dance of Egyptians in the way of embellishment; but "the gorgeous spectacle of Cleopatra in her State barge" might be introduced into Dryden's play as unceremoniously as into Shakspeare's. Mr. Halliday gives the scene in which Antony tells Cleopatra that he is going to Rome, and he allows both lovers to speak words by which Shakspeare meant to mark the moment of parting. It is, however, not impossible for a lady to change her mind, and so Mr. Halliday ventures to suppose that Cleopatra bears Antony company as far as the coast in her State barge. He adds, with painful conscientiousness, "It is not unreasonable to suppose that the gorgeous ship in which she first set out to meet Antony in Cilicia was still in existence and in use at this period." It is a pity that he did not allow himself to suppose further that the ship had been re-gilded and re-decorated, and the pages and ladies-in-waiting supplied with new liveries on this occasion. The painter, however, has assumed the necessary license, and has made both ship and crew as smart as possible. A pretty picture is introduced for the gratification of spectators, and this might have been done without a contrivance which is manifestly awkward. It is surely inartificial to make Cleopatra employ at the moment when she is temporarily losing Antony the same adornments which she used when first she won him. Neither Shakspeare nor Dryden would have made this mistake. Cleopatra is represented by the former as inconsolable at Antony's departure, and we may be sure that, if she had not felt absorbing grief, she would at least have assumed it. She was not like some modern widows, who are able at an early moment of their bereavement to consider the fashion of their mourning. We think further that it is only consistent with the riotous extravagance of the Egyptian Court to suppose that Cleopatra had had several new barges, with successive novelties in drapery and furniture, since she met Antony on the Cydnus. Mr. Halliday should allow himself to imitate contemporary novelists who revel in gorgeous upholstery and varied and splendid patterns of carriages.

It would have been easy and agreeable to all spectators to have introduced this picture as a substitute for the ordinary drop-scene of the theatre; and if the play-bill had contained a brief explanation of the picture, it would have furnished to the play an introduc-

tion which would have been more graceful and perhaps not less useful than a reprint of a preliminary puff from the *Daily Telegraph*. It is rather humiliating to observe that, when Dryden took this subject in hand, he formed a much higher estimate of the intellectual capacity of his audience than could be formed by Mr. Halliday. There is in Shakspeare's play a looseness of construction beyond his usual negligence; but when Dryden, to use his own expression, essayed to bend the master's bow, he put forth all his strength and skill. If the manager of Drury Lane Theatre were forced to dispense with accessories, and depend upon a play alone to fill his house, we incline to think that Dryden would serve his purpose better than Shakspeare. There are, of course, passages in which Antony maintains the character given to him in the prologue, and these passages would need to be omitted. But probably the scene in which Ventidius and Cleopatra contend for influence with Antony—one calling him to duty, and the other enticing him to love—would impress an ordinary audience more strongly than any scene of equal length in Shakspeare's play. Dryden took care to write what everybody could understand, and avoided those conceits which are intermingled with many of Shakspeare's finest passages. After a long contest, love triumphs over "fortune, honour, fame," and Antony exclaims:—

Give, you Gods,
Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
This rattle of a globe to play withal,
This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off.
I'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra.

Ventidius confesses his defeat in the words:—

Oh women! women! women! all the Gods
Have not such power of doing good to man
As you of doing harm.

The scolding-match between Cleopatra and Octavia has been condemned by fastidious critics; but we have little doubt that it "brought down the house." Octavia taunts her rival with the name of Cæsar, and she answers:—

The worst your malice can
Is but to say the greatest of mankind
Has been my slave. The next, but far above him
In my esteem, is he whom law calls yours,
But whom his love made mine.

Nobody now reads Dryden; and probably there are many persons in the theatre every night who have not read Shakspeare. But everybody reads, or is supposed to read, Tennyson; and probably the picture of Cleopatra most familiar in our day is that which he has drawn. It is a picture that might well inspire the most gifted and practised actress with despair. Where shall we find the warbling voice, "a lyre of widest range," and the eyes whose fires tip the keenest darts of love? It is no reproach to a young and promising artist that she falls short of impossible perfection.

We must notice more briefly than it deserves the success of a new play called *Chivalry* at the Globe Theatre. The management of this house by Mr. Montague has been always laudable and generally judicious. If he has sometimes made mistakes, he has always honestly striven to attain excellence. We are not sure that this new play will be popular, but we are sure that it deserves to be so. The author had given in an earlier play promise which he has now largely fulfilled. He has done well, and he may do still better. The palm of acting must be assigned to Mr. S. Emery, whose performance of a slightly puritanical but chivalrous Western squire under James II. was admirable. The rebellion of Monmouth must be a very attractive theme, as we have had two plays on the subject within a year or two. Colonel Kirke, who of course appears in both plays, was better treated in *Amos Clarke* at the Queen's Theatre than he is at the Globe, where author and actor have conspired to make him a low pothouse ruffian. It is probable that the colonel of the Queen's Regiment united profligacy and cruelty to the look and manners of a gentleman. Macaulay, who, sometimes careless in minor facts, was pretty accurate in general conception of character, does not say that Kirke was vulgar.

REVIEWS.

GODKIN'S RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF IRELAND.*

WE have gone through Mr. Godkin's book with somewhat of an effort, and we have learned more from the latter part than from the beginning. Mr. Godkin is clearly more at home with Dr. Cooke, Bishop Doyle, and Archbishop Trench of Tuam than he is with St. Patrick and St. Kevin. The book is disfigured throughout by the practice of filling the pages with scraps from other writers; but in the early part there is very little but scraps, and very often such scraps. To be sure a scrap from Dr. Todd or Dr. Petrie is not to be despised, wherever we may meet with it; but we had rather read them in their own books than in scraps cut out by Mr. Godkin. But all Mr. Godkin's scraps are not scraps from Dr. Todd or Dr. Petrie; alongside of these tit-bits we find morsels of Mr. Marcus Keane. It is even so; our amazement at meeting a live Semi-Saxon, even our amazement at meeting a man who believes in Brutus, sinks to the level of common-place at finding that there is another man besides Mr. Keane who believes

* *The Religious History of Ireland, Primitive, Papal, and Protestant; including the Evangelical Missions, Catholic Agitations, and Church Progress of the last Half-Century.* By James Godkin. London: H. S. King & Co. 1873.

in the Cuthites. Mr. Godkin gives his extracts in the most solemn tone, and it is plain that he believes that the round towers and most of the Romanesque buildings of Ireland were the work of Cuthites. Now the Cuthites are—it might sound more scientific, and might also be more grammatical, if we said that Cuthism is—something like Freemasonry; we know all about it, except what it is; we are told a great many things that the Cuthites did, but nobody tells us who the Cuthites were or why they were called Cuthites. If neither Mr. Keane nor Mr. Godkin will tell us this, we shall be driven to guess that Cuthism was a “deposit of Sinism,” or that its peculiar creed was a “polarization of religious consciousness.” Brutus at Totnes is clear and credible compared with the Cuthites; for Trojans have at least a legendary being; the name gives us an idea; but of Cuthites we can find out nothing, except that Mr. Keane and Mr. Godkin say that they built the round towers in honour of Baal or Buddha—we are not, and perhaps they are not, very particular which. But Mr. Keane and the Cuthites and the learned Bryant are not all; Mr. Godkin quotes the *Two Babylons* with much respect, and gives us in a note a little life of its author, who, it seems, was a learned Scotch clergyman. We trust that none of our readers have forgotten the *Two Babylons*; if any are so unlucky, we will remind them that the book was written to prove that the worship of the Roman Catholic Church is really the worship of Nimrod and his wife, and that this doctrine is proved by a good deal of etymology of that style in which the ending of a Greek noun goes for quite as much as its root. We need not dwell longer on this kind of stuff, except to wonder that a man like Mr. Godkin, who knows how to write sense upon some subjects, should ever have given it a moment's serious thought. And, as we remarked long ago in reviewing Mr. Keane, this kind of thing is a proper punishment on those who dream that neither in Ireland nor anywhere else could any one put stones together till the eleventh or twelfth century. The process is ingenious. Dr. Petrie has proved that the ancient buildings of Ireland were not the work of the Normans. Mr. Parker has proved that nobody could build anything in the time of the Celts. Nobody has ever thought that they can be later than the Normans. Therefore they are earlier than the Celts. Therefore they are the work of Cuthites, Baal-temples, phallic emblems, anything anybody pleases. Q. E. D.

Of the history of Ireland from Henry the Second to William the Third we are really getting weary. It is in fact becoming little more than an occasion for reviling everybody all round, both those who did the deeds in times past and those who write about them now. Mr. Froude has so managed as to have his fling at every race and every religion—we beg pardon, we ought perhaps to except the Cuthites and the worshippers of Baal—that ever found a settlement in the unhappy island. And in return all races and religions—the Cuthites perhaps having no representative left—seem determined to have their fling back at him. Mr. Godkin, early in his book, professes a certain degree of contempt for the Celts, but he gradually becomes their champion against Mr. Froude. Here and there he makes good hits, as when he comes to Cromwell's massacres at Drogheda and Wexford. There he comments, fairly enough, “If Cromwell were an Irishman—one of the O'Neills and O'Briens—what a thrilling narrative Mr. Froude would have given us of those two days' slaughter in cold blood!” He asks too why “Mr. Froude was silent about the siege of Clonmel, where, according to Whitelocke, ‘they found the stoutest enemy this army had ever met in Ireland,’ and where the Irish garrison after a stubborn resistance at last surrendered on honourable terms. And Mr. Godkin makes a perfectly fair point in the following paragraph:—

Mr. Froude frequently misleads his readers, quite unintentionally of course, by the fallacy of using the word “Ireland” in several different senses, perhaps in the same paragraph. Sometimes it means the land, sometimes the Irish nation, and sometimes the Anglo-Irish colony. The oddest misapplication of the word is where, after the chiefs, landed proprietors, bishops and priests, had been all got rid of, he speaks of the miserable remnant of the people as being so terrorised and debased, that to save themselves the more desperate of them brought in to their rulers the heads of their fathers, uncles, brothers, and cousins in sacks, claiming the Government reward for having cut them off, as if they were wolves. The rulers asked no questions for conscience' sake. On this Mr. Froude remarks:—“It was a hateful method, but under the circumstances inevitable.” And in doing work like this, in order to clear the country effectually of its inhabitants, he says, Cromwell “meant to rule *Ireland for Ireland's good*, and *Ireland* never prospered as *she* prospered in the years of the Protectorate.” What was *she*?

And again, when Mr. Godkin comes to Mr. Froude's famous chapter about Irish ideas, after mentioning some of the worst cases of English treatment of Irishmen, he goes on with a queer but vigorous comparison:—

Here are “English ideas” with a vengeance, delivered by a judge. Of course the Irish must have been very stupid not to have received them with gratitude! And this reminds me of a fallacy which pervades the historian's treatment of the Irish. He suggests comparisons with England, not as it existed then, but as it exists now. It would be quite easy, from the best English writers of the eighteenth century, to fill volumes with records of barbarities to match the worst things he has brought against the unfortunate race on whose character he has fastened, like a woman who clothes her step-daughter in rags, starves her almost to death, beats her black and blue, drives her into mischief, and then calls her neighbors to behold the contrast between this persecuted child and her own well-clad, well-fed, highly-cultured pet daughter, declaring that the other is a graceless reprobate, that she can get no good out of her, and that it is all in the incurable depravity of her nature.

But we will turn from these endless disputes to that part of Mr. Godkin's book which has most interested us—namely, where

he deals with later times, and gives us pictures of the three great religious bodies in Ireland, of the religious decline and the religious revival which has happened in all three alike. This is both fresher and pleasanter work than fighting the old endless battle over again, and Mr. Godkin treats the three rival communions with praiseworthy impartiality, and is ready to do justice to good and zealous men in all three alike. There is something which at first sight seems strange in the sight of three rival religious communities all falling into a lethargy, as it were side by side. As a rule, Dissent does good to an Established Church, and an Established Church does good to Dissent; because neither can for shame go to sleep in the face of the other. In a great part of the last century indeed both Dissent and the Established Church may be said to have gone to sleep. But that was because Dissent had ceased to be Dissent. When persecution was over, the old Nonconformity ceased to be aggressive, and, ceasing to be aggressive, it ceased to be vigorous. A new schism within the Established Church stirred up the slumbering energies of Churchmen and Nonconformists alike. But in Ireland none of the three religious bodies could be with any fairness spoken of as Dissenters or Nonconformists. There were three nations in the island, and each of the three had kept or had brought with it its own national Church; and, as one of the three nations was politically dominant, the Church of that nation was politically dominant also. In England the Nonconformists had, as a matter of fact, separated from the Established Church. In Ireland none of the three religious bodies could be said with any fairness to have separated from any of the others. The Established Church in Ireland, though endowed with possessions and privileges above the other two, could not have the face to profess, as the Established Church in England fairly might, that she had ever been the Church of the whole people of Ireland, from which other religions had parted off. Neither the Roman Catholics nor the Presbyterians could be called separatists from the Protestant Episcopal Church; and, as toleration advanced, both Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, though not in the technical sense established, yet received an amount of State recognition and State endowment which put them in quite a different position from the Nonconformist bodies in England. They may be looked on as three Churches side by side, one of which had an invidious temporal superiority over the others, but none of which sought to do much in the way of proselytism from the other two. In such a case, in an age when all religious bodies had a tendency to go to sleep, all three might very well go to sleep together. It is when religious bodies are aggressive and proselytizing that the presence of rivals becomes a motive with each to put on its best face. The slumber of the Established Episcopal Church in Ireland, its nepotism, its pluralism, the utter neglect of duty on the part of many of its visitors, have often been described. The Irish Church in the days of its slumber showed in a greatly exaggerated form all the evils which were at the same time to be seen in the English Church; both have had their revival; only in England there has been the twofold revival—first, the Evangelical and then the High Church revival, while the effect of the later of the two has in Ireland been very slight. Now what has most struck us in Mr. Godkin's book is the way in which he points out how the other two religious bodies also fell asleep and also awoke. He gives us a description of the Roman Catholic clergy in the last century which quite equals any picture of the same kind which could be drawn of their Protestant rivals. A bishop like Dr. Doyle found as much to reform in the way of carelessness, slovenliness, and general neglect of duty as any reforming Anglican bishop could do. And Mr. Godkin brings out more clearly than we are used to see it put the distinction between two very different classes among the Irish Roman Catholics. Not only Bishop Doyle but, what we should less have expected, Archbishop MacHale, the famous Lion of St. Jarlath, appears in his pages as the representative of what we may call a national Irish Catholicism, answering, though of course with a much less marked character, to the Gallican school in France and to those old-fashioned steady-going Roman Catholics of England who did not forget that they were Englishmen. The newer and now prevalent school, the party of mere Ultramontaniam, finds its representative in Cardinal Cullen. Within the Established Church, Mr. Godkin gives us a full and interesting picture of the life of Archbishop Trench, the last Protestant Archbishop of Tuam, and a shorter notice of the late Primate Beresford, “one of the most exemplary, pious, and princely of all the prelates that ever adorned the Irish Church.” In no ecclesiastical body—not in Scotland just before the Reformation, not in Germany when the Bishops and Abbots were Electors and princes—were the high places of the Church more shamelessly made the special possession of a few great families than they were in the Established Church of Ireland in its slumberous days. But on the other hand the accident of being called Trench or Beresford, if it was no qualification for ecclesiastical office, was certainly proved to be no disqualification. Primate Beresford's name is still fresh in many people's memories. The remembrance of Archbishop Trench is doubtless fainter, but Mr. Godkin's sketch of his life brings him out as a man well worthy to be remembered.

Among Presbyterian worthies we are less likely to be at home than among either of the two other classes. Yet the account of Dr. Cooke, with the two curious and almost opposite sides of his character, is well worth looking at. He appears on the one hand as the reviver of theological orthodoxy in the Presbyterian body, and on the other hand as one who, as far as in him lay—and that was to a very considerable extent—committed the influence of that body to the cause of Irish Toryism, and even

to the maintenance of the Episcopal establishment. It certainly was a strange state of things when, out of the large and flourishing Presbyterian body in the North of Ireland, not a single Presbyterian could find his way into Parliament, and when the most eminent divine of the Presbyterian Church seems rather to have approved of such a state of things. Dr. Cooke found the religious body to which he belonged by inheritance fallen away into heterodoxy of some kind which Mr. Godkin and his authorities seem to call indifferently Arian and Unitarian, though, in the sense which the last word commonly bears, the two forms of heresy seem to us a good way apart. The whole sketch of Dr. Cooke, his challenge to and triumph over O'Connell, the life which he stirred up in his own religious body, and his last effort, so strange as it seems to us in one of his persuasion, a great speech and a dying letter against disestablishment, joined to form a curious, though at first sight contradictory, picture of what must have been a really remarkable man.

Mr. Godkin's last chapter deals with the state of things since the disestablishment, with the constitutional settlement of the disestablished Church, and with the movements for making changes in its offices, if not in its doctrine. Mr. Godkin's own notions do not come out very clearly, or rather at first sight they seem a little contradictory. He says, as if in a deprecating tone, that "the greatest dangers to the Church will arise from the popular demand for a revision of the Prayer-Book in a decidedly Protestant or Evangelical sense." Yet he had a little way before said somewhat triumphantly:—

Now, the laity have a potential voice in the patronage of the Church, and it is calculated that in the course of ten or fifteen years all the sees and parishes will be occupied by Evangelical men, who can be relied upon to carry on the war against the Church of Rome, instead of labouring insidiously to bring the Protestants of Ireland under the sacerdotal yoke which most of them detest.

Mr. Godkin is full of admiration for two of Mr. Gladstone's Irish measures—for the Disestablishment Act and for the Land Act. About education he says:—

But the third limb of the upas, the Educational grievance, though originally the worst part of the penal code, was greatly exaggerated in Mr. Gladstone's imagination. It had been from time to time almost entirely cut away, and the remnant of the poisonous trunk might have been quietly removed, by carrying out a little further principles already in operation.

He is strong on behalf of the National system and the Queen's Colleges, and he ends with an almost enthusiastic tribute to the services done to Ireland by the elder University of Dublin. "Of all the institutions planted by the English in Ireland, the University is the most successful. It is the only one of which all parties are proud." Mr. Godkin is much better employed in speaking of these later matters, which he has clearly looked at with much care, and we think with much impartiality, than in puzzling his brain about Cuthites and Fir-Bolgs.

BLACKWALL'S RESEARCHES IN ZOOLOGY.*

A VETERAN in Natural History, Mr. John Blackwall has had the satisfaction of seeing through the press a second edition of his *Researches in Zoology*, in which he has been able to incorporate such additions and emendations as the interval of forty years has enabled either himself or others to effect. Not a few original discoveries or observations of his own have long ago taken their place among the established and fundamental principles of zoology; and if in not a few instances the advance of scientific knowledge in that department of nature has left parts of his original work out of date, it must be allowed that not a little of this forward movement has been due to the impulse given in the first instance by suggestions of his own. It is hardly to be wondered at, or to be complained of, that he represents in the main a stage in scientific attainment now a full generation old. Trained in the school of Cuvier and the elder Darwin, and contemporary with Kirby and Spence, he will be found to have made not many steps in advance of the *Régne animal* and the *Zoonomia*. His ideas of causation, of animal organization and development, seem not much influenced by anything that has been done in our day by Charles Darwin, Wallace, or even Owen, towards penetrating deeper into the ultimate laws or facts of animal life. His powers as a naturalist, and the value of his services to science, turn far more upon the closeness of his observation and the keenness of his judgment than upon any depth or breadth of reasoning, or any aptitude for philosophical thought. He has never wearied of collecting facts, and has spared no pains to record them correctly. Without aiming to elaborate a system of his own, or even to resolve what he has amassed into an organized body of speculative opinion, he is content with such explanations as common sense or analogy not too far-fetched may bring to the solution of difficulties. Whilst anything but a theorist in the general sense of the word, he can yet be often happy in the particular theory by which he clears up what is puzzling or seemingly anomalous in nature.

That a certain old-world character pervades Mr. Blackwall's ornithological papers will be seen from his gravely drawing out the proofs that swallows and others of our migratory birds do not pass the winter in a torpid state at the bottom of pools, in marshes, or similar places of concealment. Encouraged as it is by the high authority of Cuvier in the case of the sand-martin (*Hirundo riparia*), and, as Mr. Blackwall adds from

memory, of Humboldt, we should have thought this fable hardly worth the trouble of refutation even at the date of the original "Researches." In the process of laying this ornithological phantom our author puts together nevertheless a number of minute and curious facts which even now possess an interest, both as natural evidence of the habits of birds, and as the result of experiments carried on artificially. These observations, combined with those of the phenomena of hybernation in the case of the dormouse, hedgehog, bat, and common insects, completely satisfied his mind as to the absence of any physiological tendency whatever in birds to become torpid. Considerable uncertainty, it is true, still prevails as to the actual places of resort to which our migratory species betake themselves on the approach of winter. It was held by Adanson that European swallows retreat as far as Senegal, and later observers have traced them to Northern Africa, Egypt, and Western Asia. Our author's observations are extended to prove that the periodical winter birds, such as the woodcock, the jack-snipe, the mountain-finch, and the redwing and fieldfare, which are seen here in numerous flocks during winter, have their breeding-places in Northern Europe—in Sweden, for instance, as held by Linnæus, or in the Tyrol and Alpine regions. He is also led by his own studies to confirm the opinion of Temminck, that most periodical birds perform their migrations by night. His own field of observation being the neighbourhood of Manchester, the dates and other characteristics of bird life and habits vary in his case from those compiled by more southerly observers. His four tables, ranging over fifteen years, give the average days of disappearance and return of—I. Periodical summer birds; II. Periodical winter birds; III. Birds which are irregular in the times of their appearance and disappearance; and, IV. birds which are partially periodical; together with the temperature of the air at each date. It is worth notice that the temperature is considerably higher when the migratory summer birds withdraw than when they reappear. This is uniformly so, and to a remarkable degree with the cuckoo and the swift. That several species of these birds moult during the period of their absence is a fact not sufficiently observed or weighed by naturalists as an evidence of migration; nor has it been generally known that the sexes do not, as a rule, travel in society, the male birds in several migratory species usually preceding the females in their spring flight.

The notes of our singing birds have been observed and analysed by Mr. Blackwall with a degree of care which enables him to correct and supplement in many particulars the comparative catalogue of Daines Barrington. His table of some six-and-thirty songsters assigns to each its vocal rank under the heads of mellowness, sprightliness, plaintiveness, compass, and execution. Fixing the point of absolute perfection at twenty, we are not surprised to find the nightingale credited with nineteen points under the first and last three categories, falling in sprightliness to fourteen, in which quality the whole race of songsters, barring of course the skylark, is distanced by the wren with her nineteen points, in other respects scarcely being placed. The chaffinch, which Mr. Barrington's definition of a song-bird ought by rights to have excluded, and the sedge-warbler (*Sylvia phragmitis*) come next as sprightly songsters; while the redbreast, only attaining eight points in that capacity, rises to sixteen in compass and seventeen in execution, second in this respect to the "most musical, most melancholy" among birds. That the singing of birds has its origin in the feeling of love is by no means so strongly believed in by our author as by the more recent or advanced school of ornithologists. His views upon this point are indeed largely mixed up with his impressions upon the nature of instinct in general, in which respect he seems wholly unconscious of the progress achieved of late years in the study of the fundamental laws of consciousness as running through the whole animal kingdom.

The habits and peculiar characteristics of the cuckoo have been through life a matter of intimate study with Mr. Blackwall, and no one has done more to clear up what was most obscure in the ways of that puzzling bird. That the cuckoo should have been held to build and even incubate, incontrovertible as it appeared to Dr. Darwin, Daines Barrington, Mr. Fleming, and other good observers, will probably now be thought strange. Such cases as served to convince the older class of ornithologists were, as our author shows, the result of mistaking nests and eggs of the goatsucker for those of the cuckoo. The peculiar parasitic habits of this exceptional bird in quartering its offspring upon others for shelter and food are characteristics by which it is no less known than by the special distinctions of its organism or its peculiar note. That the unfledged nestling should be able to attract to itself not only the undivided care and attention of its foster-parents, whose young it has violently ejected from the nest and caused to perish, but that of other birds, by scores at a time, is one of the most striking things in natural history. It is hard to assign any more immediate cause of it than the importunate cries of the orphan brood, which is all that our author has to suggest. The problem, however, connects itself at once with the whole theory of the nature of instinct. The notion that the songs or cries of animals are to be traced to the direct tuition of parents is of course disposed of most summarily in the case of the cuckoo by the fact that the offspring grow up and utter their notes without hearing their own parent's voice, nor yet do they acquire that of their foster-parents. From observations such as this, fortified by well-known and innumerable examples of birds building their nests, and the like, in the absence of any immediate means of being taught, Mr. Blackwall satisfies himself that nothing can be done but to fall back upon the old notion of instinct

* *Researches in Zoology: illustrative of the Structure, Habits, and Economy of Animals.* By John Blackwall, F.L.S. Second Edition. London: Van Voorst. 1873.

as a mysterious power in a special manner implanted by the "all-wise Author of nature," a "first principle of causation" reducible to no known laws, and supposed somehow to supply a stronger proof of power, wisdom, and goodness than such phenomena as have been reduced to law, and been shown to follow strict and unvarying sequence. Unconscious, it would seem, of all that has been done by Darwin, Wallace, Herbert Spencer, and others for the elucidation of what is called instinct as the result of accumulated and transmitted experience, he is separated from the whole existing group of naturalists by a gulf across which it is beyond the functions of criticism to follow him. We may thank him for what he has observed or brought together of the strange propensities or habits of the cuckoo, without submitting to his axiom "that the peculiarities of this extraordinary bird having been acquired is a notion to be relinquished as absolutely untenable."

The simple test of experiments with the air-pump, showing flies and other insects to retain wholly unimpaired *in vacuo* the power of walking upon vertical or inverted surfaces, even when highly polished, convinced Mr. Blackwall long ago that the common opinion was untenable which ascribed this power to the action of exhaustive suckers under the insect's feet. Added to this proof was that from the anatomical structure of the organs as shown in the microscope. Not only could no trace be found of suckers of this kind, but the presence of bristles or hair-like papillæ thickly covering the expanded membranes in which the tarsal joints or under surface of the limb terminated rendered the formation of a vacuum inconceivable. It is to be doubted, however, whether the hypothesis which Mr. Blackwall has to substitute for this ordinary view rests on any better foundation. These papillæ or filaments, he considers, are hollow, and exude a highly adhesive mucous secretion by means of which the fly makes good his foothold of the wall or ceiling. It is in favour of this view, he urges, that when these surfaces are breathed upon till the aqueous vapour is copiously condensed upon them, the fly drops at once from its hold. The same result follows if a little oil, flour, or powdered chalk or gypsum be spread upon the glass or other surface, the minute particles of these substances adhering to the tarsal brushes of the fly or spider, or to the under surface of the feet of the larvæ. What our author has neglected to take into account is the difficulty of detaching the feet at each step when thus glued or stuck fast, especially considering the twinkling rapidity with which the fly takes its run along the pane, the wall, or the ceiling. That flies do stick to the glass of windows and other surfaces towards the end of summer and autumn is a fact which has been explained by the growth from the interior of the body of a parasitic fungus (*Sporodonema muscæ*, Fries; *Empusa muscæ*, Cohn). But then the locomotive powers of the insect fail. Is it not better to conceive a power of lateral gripe or clip in the brushes or filaments terminating the foot, which, availing itself of the slight asperities of surface which must be found in a degree in all but the most bright and polished objects, suffices to support the light body of the insect? When the surface is intensely clean and polished, no insect, Mr. Blackwall found, could ascend or cling. When softened or moistened by the breath, or clogged by oily or viscous matter, such minute roughnesses as we have spoken of would no longer afford a hold for the insertion or grip of the hairy brush. It may be, however, that there are at work in the action of these delicate organisms forces or laws as yet undreamt of in our philosophy of insect life.

The natural history of spiders, especially of our domestic species, is a study which Mr. Blackwall has in an especial manner made his own. The part of the first edition of his "Researches" since issued by the Ray Society as *A History of the Spiders of Great Britain and Ireland* has not been included in the present reprint. Several papers of great value and interest have notwithstanding been retained and supplemented by the author's later observations. Sundry of the most prominent points in the anatomy and microscopic structure of spiders are illustrated in a couple of plates; the former showing the structure of the tarsus and metatarsus, with their articulation and spinous appendages, in *Ciniflo atrox*, *Epeira diadema*, *Salticus scenicus*, and other species; the latter plate giving a highly magnified view of the spinners in the species first named, distinguishing more particularly the fourth or inferior pair, from which the material is given forth which is formed by the calamistræ into the pale-blue bands in the snare of this species. The reproduction of these important organs, together with the palpi after moulting, first observed by Mr. Blackwall, had escaped the notice of Dr. Heineken, to whom was due the knowledge of the renovation of the limbs and integuments. Another problem of great interest is that of the true nature and functions of the remarkable organs connected with the digital or terminal joint of the palpi of male spiders. Our author's researches satisfy him of the correctness of the views of Dr. Lister and the earlier systematic writers on arachnology—that these parts are strictly sexual, and not merely employed, as was thought by Treviranus and Savigny, for the purpose of pre-excitation. He has accumulated some curious observations upon the anomalous conformation and number of the eyes in various species or individuals, which point to many matters for careful study on the part of entomologists. Whether there are species normally provided with an odd number of eyes is a question in point, and is left indeterminate by the casual absence of a supernumerary eye, situated between the two small ones constituting the anterior intermediate pair, in an adult female *Theridion filipes*, the total number possessed by this individual being nine, the left intermediate eye of the posterior row being absent in an adult female *Epeira inclinata*, the right

intermediate eye wanting in an adult male *Lycosa cambrica*, and the left of the posterior row in an adult female *Ciniflo atrox*. The poison of spiders, their nets, and the parasites that haunt them, furnish much matter for careful and original observation. But no part of the work can be said to surpass in interest Mr. Blackwall's discussion of the mode whereby aeronautic spiders effect their aerial excursions. Not merely some occult physical power inherent in the insect, but the agency of winds, evaporation, and electricity has been called in to explain the phenomenon which is to be seen on many a calm and sunny day about the present season of the year. Not only do spiders innumerable cover hedges, grass, stubble, posts, and other objects with their delicate gossamer, but they are seen in thousands mounting into the air by means of those fine threads of tissue which show no point of attachment to any object overhead. Whether the motive for this instinctive ascent be or be not, as Mr. Blackwall thinks, the anxiety of these creatures to shift their quarters—the proximity of such prodigious numbers causing a feeling of insecurity, involving, as Mr. Darwin puts it, a struggle for life—his observations seem to have placed the mode of action itself beyond doubt. The viscid substance emitted from the spinners is drawn out by the upward currents of air engendered by rarefaction into lines hundreds of feet in length, and often matted together in the upper air. Sufficient hold of the atmosphere is thus afforded to buoy the insect up aloft, if not to hoist itself upwards by means of the retractile power it may command over its web. How much may be effected by this facility of sailing in the air towards the geographical distribution of spiders of this class is one of the many fertile themes for thought and observation thrown out in the course of Mr. Blackwall's pages.

THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.*

THIS is a little book which has a certain interest from its subject, though it has no pretensions to literary excellence. In character it is half-way between a guide-book and a book of travels properly so called. The author does not make the smallest attempt at fine writing. He shows equal modesty and discretion in declining to paint in words the wonders of the Yosemite Valley, and dwells at much greater length upon the admirably contrived stables of Mr. Milton S. Latham. It is not that Mr. Lester possesses a mind more sensible to the charms of horseflesh than of scenery. His very silence impresses us with the belief that he really enjoyed the sight of waterfalls and cliffs; but he evidently feels that it is easier to find adequate language for the description of stables inlaid with polished wood and resembling a drawing-room rather than a provision for the comfort of ordinary horses. If we feel a certain negative gratitude to Mr. Lester for resisting the ordinary temptation to fine writing, we are almost equally grateful to him for not indulging in small facetiousness. American humour is at times really amusing; but the inferior article supplied under that name is apt to have a depressing effect upon the spirits. That Mr. Lester would hardly be qualified to succeed in the vein of Bret Harte or of Mark Twain may be inferred from the two or three instances in which he condescends to be funny. There is a simplicity about his notion of a joke which is almost touching. He records, for example, the smart saying of a passenger on the Pacific Railway, whose wife had provided a luncheon-basket in which were a devilled chicken and other similar delicacies. Tired with carrying it about, this wag at length exclaimed, "Wife, I wish all these devilled things were at 'the devil'!" We presume that a long railway journey becomes after a time so depressing that the passengers are amused by jokes which would hardly pass muster in the Tichborne trial. We cannot think of a stronger comparison to express utter inanity. We may set by the side of this gem a brilliant remark of the lady who writes under the name of Grace Greenwood. The Californian mountains, it seems, have a great abundance of brightly coloured flowers, many of which are yellow. When this phenomenon was brought under her notice, Grace Greenwood "prettily said" that it was to let us know that there was yellow gold under them. We have the misfortune not to be acquainted with this lady's writings; but we venture to hope that this is not a fair specimen of her talent. Perhaps it is rather a proof that when literary lions, even of a moderate variety, are travelling in a remote country, they must expect to have their smallest sayings diligently collected and repeated for the benefit of an admiring world.

However, it is time to say that the book has its merits. Mr. Lester very rarely indulges in these little outbursts of wit and humour; and, on the other hand, he gives us a plain, sensible, and straightforward account of the best method of reaching the wonders of California. The railway across the Continent has already brought the country within easy reach of the Eastern States, and even a traveller from England might get there without much trouble in three weeks. Mr. Lester is anxious that the trip should become popular. The expense of a tour from Boston and back, including visits to various parts in Nevada, Colorado, and Utah, is put by him at about one thousand two hundred dollars. Adding the expense of two transits of the Atlantic, we may suppose that an Englishman could visit California for some three hundred pounds. The expense is enough to deter the great bulk of tourists, but it is certainly not extravagant, considering the distance to be traversed. Mr. Lester points out that the trip has for Americans and Englishmen the great advantage of requiring

* *The Atlantic to the Pacific*. By John Erastus Lester. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

no knowledge of language; and he thinks that Americans at least would be "far better pleased and much more instructed" by visiting their own country than by going abroad. It is not for us to say what would most please them. As for instruction, we admit that the ordinary American tourist who comes to Europe with a total incapacity for putting together even two words of French probably receives as little intellectual improvement as if he had stayed at home. Perhaps, indeed, it is as well that Americans should sometimes prefer a trip which teaches them that other countries are tolerable to a trip which chiefly impresses them with the extraordinary size of their own country, an impression which is not unfrequently superfluous.

It is impossible, however, to lay down any general rule in such matters. Some people travel for repose, and others because they enjoy constant bustle and motion; some like art, and others prefer scenery; and each variety has something to say for itself. We have no doubt, however, that many tastes may be gratified by a visit to California. In many respects, as everybody knows, it is amongst the most characteristic and interesting of the States. The climate, the population, and the natural features of the scenery have all marked peculiarities which may attract an intelligent observer. The attraction, however, upon which Mr. Lester dwells at greatest length is the wonderful Yosemite Valley. It is creditable to the United States Government that this and two or three other districts have been set apart as public parks, and are thus to be preserved in their natural wildness for the benefit of future generations. The Yellowstone Valley, which is another of these parks, seems to be destined to outshine even the Yosemite. There is one water-fall three hundred and fifty feet high, and there are other rapids and cascades equal to those of Niagara. There is a lake twenty-five miles in length, at a height of over eight thousand feet above the sea, which is so warmed by the hot springs that it does not freeze in winter. Then there are innumerable geysers of all shapes and sizes which entirely eclipse our old friends in Iceland. At present, unfortunately, this "place of public resort and recreation," as it is called in the Act of Congress, is only accessible to people prepared to encounter the hardships of a rough frontier life. Doubtless it will be in time a superb place of recreation; and the descendants of the present generation of Americans may be thankful to their forefathers for having looked so far into the future for the security of the public interests. Mr. Lester did not visit this extraordinary region, but he gives us a full account of the most familiar wonders of the Yosemite. The name, we may observe in passing, is said to be properly *Yo-ham-e-ta*, which means "grizzly bear" in the language of the former inhabitants. We accept the etymology, though our faith in Mr. Lester's authority is slightly diminished when he tells us that the name of Calistoga is obviously derived from "*calis*, 'hot,' and *toga*, 'a garment,'" on account of its sulphur springs. Why a place should be called hot garment—assuming that to have been the meaning of the gentleman who invented the name—because it possessed sulphur springs we do not precisely see. To return, however, to the Yosemite, it is news to us to find that it was discovered by white men in the course of some Indian warfare so early as 1850. Excursions began in 1856, and there are now several hotels, on the merits of which Mr. Lester discourses as naturally as though the country had been settled in the days of Columbus. Most of them, we are glad to say, appear to be tolerably good, and the difficulties of a visit, which are daily diminishing, are insufficient to repel any tolerably active lady or gentleman.

The wonders of this district, the big trees, the perpendicular cliffs, and the extraordinary falls have become notorious; the Alpine Club will be glad to hear that there is still a peak in this region which is pronounced to be "perfectly inaccessible to man," though we regret to add that it is little more than eight thousand feet above the sea; and, in short, the Yosemite Valley will soon be one of those wonders which no man has a right to die without having visited. One curious testimony to its merits is given by the history of Mr. J. C. Lamont. He was engaged in mining in 1859, and, being drawn to the place by the wonderful accounts which he heard, found it so charming that he built a house there within the next year or two, and has never since quitted the place. For several years he passed the winter there in absolute solitude, and declared that the scenery was so grand and everchanging that he never found it dull. For two years he had the occasional company of another hermit, one James Wilmer, who had been driven from New York by domestic troubles, and found a tolerably secure refuge in the wilderness. Unluckily Wilmer was not even then beyond the reach of the post, and when letters came from his friends he would grow very low-spirited. Finally he seems to have drowned himself, a victim to family troubles or to the perfection of the American postal system. Still another inhabitant of a similar kind is John Muir, "the scholar and enthusiast." He, too, was so much struck with the grandeur of the place that he went home, closed his business, and returned to take up his permanent residence in the valley, where he has now "been reading the book of nature for three years." Mr. Muir is a geologist, and apparently maintains the doctrine, which has still rather a startling sound, that the tremendous gorge of the Yosemite was ploughed out by a glacier. Not to dwell upon this, however, it is certainly curious to find so strong a proof of the influence of this wonderful scenery.

We must confess that the accounts which we have generally read of this district have impressed us rather with a sense of

strangeness than of beauty. Perhaps this is simply the fault of the describers; and indeed we have remarked a similar peculiarity in the descriptions of Niagara. It is so much easier to say how many tons of water fall for how many feet than to describe a poetical impression, that the really exquisite beauty of the great waterfall is generally passed over to give a merely engineering account of its magnitude. Perhaps, on the same principle, the height and the strange formation of the Yosemite cliffs have blinded people to their true charm. Something, too, must be allowed for that uncomfortable sense of rawness which of necessity pervades even the wilder scenery of a new country. In the Alps we admire savage rock and ice; but then we are always conscious of human life in the background. Nobody can say how much the charm of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau would be destroyed were it not for the chalets and the villages which cluster around their feet, and the network of paths which everywhere speak of human industry. The mountains are, so to speak, clothed with a web of associations which could not be stripped off without making their savagery too stern for aesthetic pleasure. Now in America the civilization which breaks the painful sense of solitude has not yet had time to harmonize itself with the scenery. It is plain from Mr. Lester's account that the hotels which receive travellers in the Yosemite Valley are merely repetitions on a small scale of the type of inn which prevails from New York to San Francisco. The true mountaineer does not exist; though a certain number of prosaic Yankees manage to force the mountains into their service. And all this leaves rather a blank impression upon the imagination, as though that quarter of the world were still imperfectly finished, and the mountains themselves more or less in the condition of Hundred-and-First Street in an American chessboard town. We should almost expect to find that lichens had not yet had time to grow upon the rocks, and were it not for the giant trees, that the slopes of the hills were still unplanted. Of course this is more or less a fallacious view, and is perhaps connected with the fact that as yet California is more connected in our minds with florid oaths and strange miners' slang than with any indigenous literature. In the last respect it is beginning to show a few growths of some promise; and in time we feel that the country will be properly aired, and the mountain ranges fitted to cradle a poetical imagination. Meanwhile we receive much consolation from the cases of Messrs. Lamont and Muir. A Yankee hermit, and a hermit from a pure love of natural beauty, is rather a new idea to us; though Mr. Emerson's friend Thoreau may be said to be a case in point. But the valley which has exercised so magnetic an influence over these two enthusiasts must be a distinguished valley in its way; and we do not know that such a testimony to its merits is not even more conclusive than the death of a dozen tourists in the attempt to scale the inaccessible peak.

PILLARS OF THE HOUSE.*

SINCE the days when one man sat down to write the lives of the Seven Champions of Christendom, and to write them all in one book, we doubt whether there has been any writer whose daring equals that of the accomplished author of the *Heir of Redclyffe*. Nay, she is bolder even than that great ecclesiastical historian, who must be a man so much after her own heart; for he kept the life of each of his saintly heroes quite distinct, while she blends all her lives together. He moreover knew but of seven heroes, while she sings of a baker's dozen. We should find perhaps an apter comparison if we likened her rather to some great whip who, as he drove a long and restless team, could yet keep them all well in hand and each in his own place, or to an Esquimaux driving his pack of a dozen dogs, who, in spite of all their varied tricks, could yet keep them and their harness from getting into the least tangle. She does indeed now and then get a little confused with the numbers she has in hand, as, for instance, early in the first volume, when she says there "were perched numbers 4, 6, 7, and 8, to wit, Edgar, Clement, Fulbert, and Lancelot, all three (*sic*) handsome, blue-eyed, fair-faced lads"; and again, later on, where she says that "the five (*sic*) moved off—Felix and Alice, Angel in Wilmet's hand, and Lance's and Robina's tongues wagging so fast," &c. Can it be that she has fallen into somewhat the same confusion about the volumes of her novel as she has on these occasions about the number of the children, and that she fancies that she has written only three volumes and not four? She is aware that her reader, as well as herself, is likely to get puzzled with her thirteen heroes and heroines, and the corresponding heroines and heroes with whom they are bound to fall in love, and so she is considerate enough early in the story to give the following extract from the family Bible:—

Edward Fulbert Underwood married August 1st, 1837—Mary Wilmet Underwood.

Felix Chester	born July 3rd, 1838.
Wilmet Ursula	" Aug. 11th, 1839.
Alda Mary	" Oct. 6th, 1840.
Thomas Edgar	" Oct. 25th, 1841.
Geraldine	" Nov. 23rd, 1842.
Edward Clement	" Jan. 9th, 1844.
Fulbert James	" May 16, 1846.
Lancelot Oswald	" Feb. 20, 1848.
Robina Elizabeth	" Sept. 29th, 1851.
Angela Margaret	" Dec. 1st, 1852.
Bernard	" Jan. 6th, 1854.
Stella Eudora	
Theodore Benjamin	

* *The Pillars of the House; or, Under Wode, Under Rod.* By Charlotte M. Yonge, Author of the "*Heir of Redclyffe*," &c. 4 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

Our readers will observe with satisfaction that the twins are born so late that, though Stella Eudora might by this time have gone through a good deal of love-making and even got married, yet Master Theodore Benjamin, if he is still alive, may reasonably be expected to be still at college, trying rather to win a jumping-match than a lady's hand. We cannot speak with certainty, however, on these matters; for, to make a clean breast of it, we have never been able to get within even a long distance of the end of the work. Every one knows the old story of the child who by the use of some words of magic set the little porridge-pot boiling, but who could not stop it when it had boiled as much as she wanted. The porridge flowed on and on, filling first the room and then the house, till at last it spread out into the street, a stream in *omne volubilis ævum*, or at all events till it was checked by words as magical as those which gave it its start. Will Miss Yonge forgive us if we state that, as we met her steady and even flow of wholesome words, of which we could see no end, we began to think that we must have much the same feelings as those who had to meet the no less steady and even flow of porridge? We had this advantage over them, to be sure, that our reason taught us that our imagination was wrong when it pictured to us that of this flood there was no end. We knew that there were four volumes, and not five, and a 1220th but not a 1221st page. We knew that, though each page was closely printed, there were not so many as 47,000 lines in the whole book; and that, though each page was broad, our eye would fall short of travelling along three miles of type by some furlong or two. We knew that these four volumes did not contain more words than about one hundred Low Church, one hundred and fifty Broad Church, or two hundred High Church sermons; and yet we could not have anything more than a cold, unpractical faith that we should ever reach the last word of the last page. When we sat down before the four volumes we felt as bewildered as the countryman who in the squire's kitchen had the whole cheese set before him, and felt that he was in duty bound to get all through it. His appetite was good, and so we hope was ours, for the course of novel-reading which had of late been forced upon us was such as to render a change to simple and moral food a most agreeable one. But then a whole cheese for one countryman, and 1,220 pages for one reviewer! We remember in our college days how on a degree day, if a man was unpunctual and so left scant time for reading aloud the whole of the Thirty-nine Articles, our good-natured Dean would set him on to read the first at his utmost speed, then, just as his breath had failed, take up the second himself with all the vigour of a fresh pair of lungs. The two would thus get through the whole Thirty-nine with ease and comfort to themselves, as well as with great rapidity, just as two travellers get over a long road on what is called the ride-and-tie method. We should have done wisely if we had gone through the story before us on some such principle. We should have called in the aid of some brother reviewer, and, while one read, the other should have enjoyed that peaceful sleep which is so often the reward and the accompaniment of good reading. He who read should read holding the book in his hands, so that as he fell asleep the fall of the book might rouse up his friend from the long nap that he had enjoyed. It might, at first thought, seem that the same noise would awake both; but on experience it has been found that it takes a much louder noise to rouse a man at the beginning than towards the close of a sleep that is the result of virtue. We did not, however, think of this ingenious plan till it was too late to put it into execution, and what we have read we have read alone and unaided.

The Pillars of the House who give the title to Miss Yonge's story are some of the children with the strange names which are given in the first page of the family Bible. Whether by the end of the story all the children have grown up into being pillars, or whether some that were pillars have become but broken columns, we do not know. The two chief pillars of the first part of the work are Felix and Wilmet. Wilmet is an admirable girl, though whether more admirable than if she had been christened Mary or Jane or some other familiar name we do not know. Charles Lamb, on the death of the last of his friends who knew him as a boy, sadly wrote, "There is no one left to call me Charlie now." There will in another generation or two be no one left to be called Charlie; for no parent who has a proper regard to his children's interests will expose them to constant vexation, if not to ruin, by giving them those common names which have done so well up to the present day. By the early death of both their parents Felix and Wilmet have thrown upon them the care of Alda, Edgar, Geraldine, Clement, Fulbert, Lancelot, Robina, Angela, Bernard, Stella, and Theodore. It was a case surely in which the protection of the Court of Chancery should have been claimed. The children should have at once been made wards, and a decree should have been issued that Alda, Edgar, Clement, Fulbert, Robina, Angela, and Theodore should henceforth be known under their second names as Molly, Tom, Ned, Jim, Betty, Maggy, and Ben. Felix, Wilmet, Geraldine, Bernard, and Stella were beyond all help, as they either had no second names, or else the second names they had were as romantic as the first. They, however, might have been made to die that devotional death in which the author of the *Heir of Redclyffe* so much excels, at convenient intervals through the four volumes, while their commonplace brothers and sisters might have made or married fortunes. We must do Miss Yonge, however, the justice to admit that, so far as we have read—and we read for many long hours—all the children were alive, though two were in that delicate state of health which makes the reader almost as anxious as the doctor or the parent. Felix and Wilmet are at first aided in their care of the younger children by Mr.

Audley, a High Church curate. When we left him he was a missionary in the Southern Seas. If Miss Yonge has been able to resist the temptation of making a martyr of him, he has doubtless returned long ago, and married one of the baker's dozen. They have also a rich uncle with an only daughter. We have very soon a presentiment that Felix will inherit from him all the ancestral estates of the Underwoods, though how it is to be brought about we do not know, for they are entailed, and he is in love, but not with the heiress. She is far too strong and with far too much common sense to be killed off in a consumption, and she is not interesting enough to become a Sister of Mercy. She is, however, fond of riding, and so perhaps she breaks her neck. But of the plot, as we know next to nothing, so we must not venture to speak. When thirteen children have each to be described at length, and each moved up year by year, a plot does not advance very rapidly. Miss Yonge's paintings of child-life have certainly great merits, but to our mind as certainly great faults. If, as we fear is the case, children with such high-wrought feelings as she describes really exist, she should hold them up as examples of a most mistaken and mischievous training. Mr. Caxton, in Lord Lytton's novel, sends his son to school to be made a fool of. Some of these saint-like children almost need to be sent somewhere to be made little sinners of. Not that Miss Yonge by any means paints thirteen saints; on the contrary, many of the children have faults enough; but about their penitence over their failings there is an exaggeration at times which we do not like. With the strange morbid restlessness which is so strong a mark of the present time, we would rather bring up children on the stories written in days when men were less self-conscious than on those which are now written for them.

We much regret, moreover, that Miss Yonge should bring so much of the slang of schoolboys into her books. In the systematic education of our children we leave English almost altogether to take care of itself; and, not content with thus neglecting it, in the story-books we place in their hands we too often do our best to teach them the silliest English possible. Miss Yonge's pages have a good deal of this schoolboy slang, and very dull it tends to make them. Our English writers would not do amiss if they were to take example from one of the South African tribes whom the missionaries have gone forth to convert. Livingstone in his *Travels* says of them, "Their language both rich and poor speak correctly; there is no vulgar style, but children have a patois of their own, using many words in their play which men would scorn to repeat." We have something to learn even from the unconverted and untutored mind of the savage. When Miss Yonge introduces into her book such expressions as "I'm glad you are going to get shut of me," or "Isn't it a horrid sell," or "They'll be as jolly dirty again directly," and the rest, does she not run some risk, through that strange association of ideas on which Mr. Shandy had so much to say, of making those admirable religious precepts which she constantly inculcates always raise up in the mind, when they are inculcated afresh, a notion of bad English? There would be this further advantage to her works in keeping slang out—that, unless something came in to fill up its place, they would be all the shorter. Nothing is wanted but a judicious Samson among these "Pillars of the House" to make them most interesting. They would be greatly improved by a good deal of pulling down. We would undertake with no more literary appliances than a good stock of Indian-ink and a paint-brush to make Miss Yonge's story a very good book indeed. We would not put in a single word of our own, but we would daub out at least three-fourths of what she has written. We doubt, however, whether we would turn Herod and begin by a massacre of the babes; for after all Miss Yonge is true to nature when she makes a poor curate the father of thirteen. It would be sufficient to cut out such passages as the following, with all their petty details, which, with the equally petty talk, go so far to swell out this story to its vast size:—

Meantime Wilmet conducted the toilette of the two little children, and gave the assistance that Cherry needed, as well as discharging some of the lighter tasks of the housemaid; leaving the heavier ones to Sibby and Martha, a stout, willing, strong young woman, whom Sister Constance had happily found for them, and who was disqualified, by a loutish manner and horrible squint, from the places to which her capabilities might have raised her.

Then Wilmet helped her sister downstairs, and a visit was paid to the mother and the twins, who were Sibby's charge for the night. Mrs. Underwood was still in the same state. It was indeed possible to rouse her, but at the expense of much suffering and excitement; and in general, she was merely tender, placid, and content, mechanically busied about her babies, and responding to what was said, but entirely incapable of any exertion of body, and as inactive in mind as in limb. Wilmet attended to her while Sibby went to her breakfast, returning with that of her mistress in time to send Wilmet down to preside at the family meal, a genuine Irish dish of stirabout—for which all had inherited a taste from their father's Irish mother. Only Cherry was too delicate for such food, and was rather ashamed of her cup of tea and slice of bread.

Miss Yonge has done a great deal of good literary work. We are not sure, however, that she could find a better occupation for the rest of her life than to set about steadily compressing all that she has written. If it is too much to ask her to give up what is called original composition altogether, might she not devote each Lent to a ruthless cutting down of her old stories? The exercise, unlike many other exercises of mortification, would not only be beneficial to herself, but also to countless others. The paper manufacturers alone would have reason to complain, and possibly also the dealers in waste paper, for both would look upon such a penance as an act in restraint of trade. On the other hand, she would earn the gratitude of every one else, from the child whom she hopes to please to the critic whom she rarely fails to weary.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH'S PLUTARCH.*

THERE is no depreciated ancient who more deserves rehabilitating than Plutarch; and there could scarcely be a modern scholar more fitted for the task than Archbishop Trench. Both are optimists in the tone of their writings. The characteristic of the old biographer and sage of Cheroneia was to "hope all things," and to see the good and noble amidst the congeries of mixed elements in a worn-out Paganism. The kindly student-pretate of our own age is too charitable to overlook in Plutarch the glimpses of truth which may have made him, in spite of himself, an unconscious pioneer of the Gospel; and he does full justice to a philosophy so right-aiming, and so far in advance of Pagan philosophies in general, that

Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi possent, etiam hac decessa fuissent.

The Archbishop has also realized the fact that, though Plutarch's name is a household word with us as the model of biographers, inasmuch that (to give a single example) a collection of biographies of Welsh worthies is called the "Cambrian Plutarch"; though his *Parallel Lives* are called by Madame Roland "la pâture des grandes âmes," and Montaigne could say of them "It is our breviary"; though, too, his "Morals" have supplied hints for the Christian pulpit from the days of Basil the Great to those of Jeremy Taylor, still Plutarch has fallen from his pedestal in the present age. At the causes of this he does not hint, though they do not seem to us far to seek. The multiplication of books militates against the deliberate mastering of a voluminous author such as Plutarch; and those who supply the mince-meat pabulum which suffices for modern tastes easily find material of more manageable dimensions. The *Parallel Lives* are, indeed, if we except the Teubner text, to be found in their least bulky form in the four octavo volumes of Sintenis; and the reader of English translations has to choose between the tomes of the Langhorns and the racy old English folio of Sir Thomas North, which is itself a distillation of the French of Amyot. As good a taste of these *Lives* as can be got in a handy form is to be found in the little volumes which George Long translated for Charles Knight's series. The "Moralia" are even of more cumbersome dimensions, Wyttenbach's incomplete edition filling eight quarto or fifteen octavo volumes, and Didot's modern and comparatively handy edition two bulky crown octavos of the *Scriptorum Græcorum Bibliotheca* series. Separate treatises have been, no doubt, translated at various times; but it is obvious that the quantity of ground to be got over has stood in the way of modern familiarity with Plutarch's "Morals"; though, when books were less plentiful than at present, it is quite conceivable that Philemon Holland's folio translation was as delightful reading, or nearly so, as North's *Parallel Lives* which appeared a quarter of a century earlier. Under these circumstances it is perhaps hardly to be expected that students should have at their fingers' ends even the tithe of so vast an amount of matter, especially as there is no call for it in the University examinations; yet not the less would such an acquisition be of great value to the writer of biography or to the moral philosopher, for the hints it affords as to the kind of matter and manner likeliest to be popular in all time. We are not without a hope that Dr. Trench's delightful pilot volume, which seems as if it were an "Ancient Classic for English readers" that had slipt its moorings, will call back many whose Greek is not rusty to the Plutarch who is slumbering on their shelves, and many more who are more at home in the pure well of English undefiled to the choice volumes of North and Holland, wherein, as the Archbishop points out, there is both the intrinsic merit of good translation and the more extrinsic charm of curiosity of style and language.

The little that can be gleaned from Plutarch's gossiping references to himself and his surroundings in his "Symposiæ," or "Table-Talk," and elsewhere, has served the purpose of an autobiography without its tediousness, and this little has been gathered up and commented on by the Archbishop of Dublin. He sets down Plutarch's birth at about 50 A.D., and shows how a student life in his early years, under Ammonius at Athens, and two subsequent visits to Rome on political and philosophical errands, varied the monotony and enlarged the experience of a life begun in Cheroneia, a sleepy little Boeotian town in Plutarch's day, though once and again in former times "the dancing-plot of Mars." At Rome in Vespasian's day, and again in that of Domitian, Plutarch mixed with the most cultivated and literary Romans; and, under the last-named Emperor, whose malignant star does not seem to have fatally influenced either society or literature, he counted among his intimates Fundanus and Senecio, two of the correspondents of the younger Pliny. A curious fact brought out by the Archbishop is that, in spite of this intimacy—in spite, too, of a close connexion as a philosophical lecturer with the best Romans of the period—Plutarch never so much as alludes to any Roman poet, except once to Horace, and does not seem to have any further acquaintance with Cicero's philosophic writings, though these were in his line, than might have been got from Tiro's life of his master. The fact is, his Latin, acquired late in life, was of the scantiest, and there was the less need that it should be otherwise, because Greek, in which he revised and expanded his ethical treatises from notes of lectures, was a very much more familiar language to every educated Roman in his day than Latin is now to nine-tenths of the students at

an English University. In like manner Plutarch seems to have been utterly ignorant of the name of Christianity as a sect, though, as Dr. Trench says, it was "everywhere in the air," and he must have come across its churches in Greece, Macedonia, and Asia Minor, as well as at Rome. The supposed recognition of it in his "precepts on wedlock," where a wife is enjoined to honour her husband's gods, "shutting the door to all supervacaneous worships and foreign superstitions" (ἐξαιεῖς ἀσυνταμίους), appears—especially when we remember St. Paul's use of *θεοδιδασκαλίας* to the Athenians—to apply to added heathen rites and worships rather than to Christianity, even though as seen by Pagan eyes. Probably he counted it, if he had any slight inkling of its existence, as only an unimportant phase of Judaism; and his incuriousness is of a piece, it seems to us, with his indifference to a mastery of Latin, and argues a steadfast concentration of his mind on his main life-purpose—the inculcation of high-toned yet practical ethics, and of a philosophy teaching by examples. Of the period which Plutarch and his fellow-workers redeemed from its darkness Dr. Trench eloquently writes:—

The ancient virtues were not wholly dead. The old religion could still wake up a passionate devotion in the hearts of its votaries. Philosophy could still make good her claims to assist those who submitted to her teaching in the right ordering of their lives. There went forth everywhere the teachers of a morality larger and purer than the heathen world had yet produced, Greek literature itself partaking in the revival, and enjoying in Plutarch and Lucian, the several representatives of faith and unbelief, in Arrian, in Epictetus, in Musonius, and in Dio Chrysostom a kind of later and Martinian summer of its own.

It is, however, in private and social life that Plutarch shines especially, and that we most begrudge him to the Paganism which he adorned. His cheerful fulfilment of petty municipal offices, as being a citizen's duty; his family life graced by fraternal affection, and ennobled by a deep sense of the sanctity of marriage; his refreshing tours to this or that quarter of his fatherland, to realize the scenery of his famous dramas of biography; his pleasant gatherings of friends like-minded with himself for table-talk at home or at the sea-side, and his declining years sustained by heavenly hope and high humility, afford a charming portrait of a heathen at his very best; and we can but echo the Archbishop's astonishment that more has not been made of the "Symposiæ," where these characteristics are chiefly discoverable, in depicting the social life of Greece and Rome at that particular period. They would repay, withal, a closer search for the bons-mots and repartees to which no age is indifferent; such as that of Vespasian, when, to pay off Mestrius Florus, a consular archæologist, for admonishing him not to say "plostra," but "plaustra," he greeted him next day as Mestrius Flaurus, "ελαῖρος being an Attic form of φαῖλος, i.e. good-for-nothing." It deserves to be known that it is Plutarch who enables us to trace to Philip of Macedon the authorship of that circumlocution for "downrightness of speech" which has experienced a modern revival—"calling a spade a spade"; and we may add that among Plutarch's "Moralia" are no small contributions to the lore of adage, apophthegm, and anecdote which we inherit from the ancients.

Very interesting is the key which Dr. Trench supplies to the aim and object of Plutarch in the work for which he is most famous. At the same time that he sought benefit to himself from the task as it grew upon his hands, his chief purpose was a patriotic desire to show what living Greece had been in its prime, and how well entitled it was to match with the best of Rome's later breed; and this, too, without partiality in his comparisons. He may have hoped by such parallelism to raise the sadly degraded tone of his contemporary compatriots, and to revive the race of Greeks which had degenerated into Greelings; and it must be ever borne in mind, in the perusal of these *Lives*, that vivid moral portraiture, the ethical rather than the political aspect of the men he pits against each other, is the scope and purpose of his parallels. The chief faults laid at Plutarch's door are explicable and excusable, if this purpose is borne in mind. He was not critical, like Thucydides or Polybius—still less so if tried by the standard of modern writers of history—but his inaccuracies are comparatively unimportant if this ethical purpose is sufficiently recognized; and it is seldom that he can be convicted of such doubtless undesigned injustice as Mr. Grote brings home to him, touching the imputation of corruption and a vicious appetite for popularity to Pericles. The charge is disproved by the language of Thucydides, a contemporary (Thuc. II. 65, cf. Grote, II. G. vi. pp. 234-7). And even in this case we have an answer to another of the charges brought against Plutarch, that his summings-up are generally in favour of his own nation—an accusation which, had it been deserved, would have shown that at least he did not curry favour with the dominant race, but which is disproved by the fairness with which in the main he holds the balance. He deserves in truth the verdict of Dean Merivale, that in his fair and friendly comparison there is "no word of subservience or flattery, of scorn or vanity, of humiliation or triumph, to mark the position of the writer in the face of his Roman rulers." A minor charge of his traducers is that he was too ready to gloss over and half condone the faults of his heroes, but we think the only sense in which this is true is that charity dictated his judgments. As a moralist who saw how mixed a character man is, he made the best of what was good, and passed the worse part over lightly, "in reverent shame to the mere frailty of man's nature, which cannot bring forth a man of such virtue and perfection but there is ever some imperfection in him" (*Cimon*, 2).

The citation of these last words from North's Plutarch

* *Plutarch; his Life, his Lives, and his Morals.* Four Lectures. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

leads us to glance, though it must be briefly, at Shakspeare's indebtedness to that sound old English translator. This is most clearly defined by Dr. Trench. Not only did our great dramatist, here and there, as in the transference of Cleopatra's death to his play, rest content with adding nothing to the grand account of Plutarch as he found it in North—a contentment which is most notable in almost the whole of *Julius Caesar*—but elsewhere, as in the funeral oration by Mark Antony (see Dr. Trench, p. 55), he expands a graphic touch of the biographer into a piece of dramatic pleading; and in all his loans from Plutarch or his translator he displays tact and appreciativeness of the very rarest kind. A signal instance of this is the fine passage beginning with "Cowards die many times before their deaths," if we compare it with the hint of Plutarch in his *Life of Julius Caesar*, out of which it grew. We are not concerned to examine Archbishop Trench's canon about plagiarism, which might be taken to justify one law for the rich and another for the poor in literary power and gifts; but it is beyond a doubt that, "had not Plutarch written, and Sir Thomas North, or some other in his place, translated," the *Lives of Coriolanus, Caesar, and Antony*, Shakspeare's three great Roman plays "would never have existed, or would have existed in forms altogether different from those in which they now appear." Dr. Trench shows in the latter part of his second lecture that Milton too is indebted, probably directly, to Plutarch; and that our contemporary Mr. Browning has borrowed the framework of *Balaustina* from the *Nicias* of Plutarch. On the general question of Plutarch's often-cavassed biographies we cannot cite a fairer criticism than that of the veteran George Long, who, in the *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography*, thus writes:—"The reflections of Plutarch are neither impertinent nor trifling; his sound good sense is always there; his honest purpose is transparent; his love of humanity warms the whole. His work is and will remain, in spite of plodding collectors of facts and small critics, the book of those who can nobly think, and dare, and do. It is the book of all ages, for the same reason that good portraiture is the painting of all time; for the human face and the human character are ever the same. It is a mirror in which all men may look at themselves."

Little space remains for noticing how much Archbishop Trench has done in these lectures in illustration of Plutarch's less known but not less important "ethical works"; which, as he puts it, set forth the accomplishments of the ancient world in the field of thought, just as the "Lives," from ideal points of view, exhibit what it accomplished in the world of action. These are to be read in English chiefly in the rare folio of Philemon Holland, as to the interest of which we had rather err with Southey than be right with Pope. Dr. Trench admirably explains the *raison d'être* of these moral treatises—namely, the craving for spiritual direction in Plutarch's day, which the lecture-room had to satisfy in the absence of the pulpit. A practical rather than a creative or abstract thinker, a philosopher who had little bias towards speculative refinements, and who, while he ridiculed the absurdities of the Stoic Porch, could not tolerate the Epicurean pessimism and inaction and belief in the Divine indifference, Plutarch was indeed, as far as his light allowed, a striver after truth, and a manful worker in the field of duty. As such he is exhibited by the internal evidence of many of his treatises, which inculcate the soundest and wisest lessons on "resistance of small temptations," on "discriminating flattery from friendship," on "holding fast the mean between superstition and atheism," on "the certainty of a Divine retribution sooner or later," and other equally vital questions. In some of these he touches on difficulties and suggests solutions which are familiar, as the Archbishop notes, to our own age. To depreciation of the Oracles on the ground of the faulty verses which could never have originated with Apollo, the god of music and song,

Plutarch, or one who evidently expresses his sentiments, replies very much as at this day it is replied, that the enthusiasm, though most truly a divine afflatus and influence, yet has human souls for the sphere of its operation, and will take much of its outward form and fashion from these; that the agitation of the spirit is divine, but that much after this is human, and is the result of the varying condition of different souls, or of the same at different times.

We have left a great part of the Archbishop's interesting reflections on Plutarch and his works unnoticed; but we hope we have done somewhat to draw to them such attention on the part of the reading public as cannot fail to revive the intelligent study of Plutarch, either in the Greek or through translations.

MR. HUBERT SMITH'S TENT LIFE IN NORWAY.*

MR. HUBERT SMITH has certainly found an attractive title for his book, for there should be much to interest in life with the gipsies anywhere, and especially in Norway. We have not been in the way of associating these somewhat sensuous nomads with the fields and the fjords, with the short summers and tremendous winters of the frozen North, and a Scandinavian Borrow who should bring his novel experiences home to England would be almost certain of a great success. Unfortunately Mr. Smith has nothing to tell us of Norwegian gipsies at all; he did not travel with them, nor did he even light upon any, although he assures us that they do exist, and although their discovery formed one of the chief objects of his ex-

pedition. His gipsies are of English breeding, and he took them over with him. Still, although his title led us to hope for more, we should have quickly forgotten our first disappointment had his gipsy party proved more interesting or entertaining. Unfortunately, as it seems to us, the three recruits he picked up in the lanes of Gloucestershire are of very commonplace types indeed, and differ from the average English tramp only in using a sprinkling of Romany words and phrases. There are a couple of brothers bearing the Scriptural names of Noah and Zachariah, with a sister who had been called, if not christened, Esmeralda. They are all young, and the sister, although scarcely so attractive as the heroine of Victor Hugo's romance, is by no means deficient in charms, while her morals are unimpeachable. To borrow the language of Mr. Smith, there was much that was impulsive and original, much that was impassioned and sensitive in the powers of appreciation of this wild flower of nomadic life; and as it is comparatively easy to put yourself in all honour on a familiar footing with an inferior of the opposite sex, we can understand her temporary master finding her society an acquisition. But it passes our powers of conception to understand how he succeeded in making his tour tolerable, not to say enjoyable, living on the terms he did with such loutish hobbledoys as her brothers. We have heard of adventurous travellers daring or suffering a great deal for an intelligible purpose. M. Arminius Vambéry travelled in the disguise of a filthy Moslem fanatic across the burning deserts of Central Asia; and the "Amateur Casual," having previously been immersed in fetid water, passed a miserable night in a workhouse ward with the foulest company. One and the other had their rewards, as they were doubtless supported by the hope of them. But Mr. Smith, who evidently is a man of education and refinement, deliberately chooses a couple of rough unideaed gipsy cubs to share his board and become his intimate companions. They appear to have nothing of the native good breeding which you often find in respectable savages, as you do in Scotch gamekeepers or Swiss guides. On the contrary, they are loud and boisterous and vulgar; they vent the exuberance of their animal spirits in all manner of uncouth grimaces and contortions; and they pour out floods of what Mr. Smith calls "chaff" on the Norwegians who are attracted by the extraordinary spectacle of a gentleman going about in such very queer company.

There are forms of roughing it which most men naturally shrink from, however "hard" they may show themselves on occasions—such, for example, as dispensing with the morning bath. We can quite understand Mr. Smith finding positive enjoyment in his rough commons, his quarters under his gipsy tent, and even the sense of endurance under the attacks of bloodthirsty mosquitoes. But we cannot comprehend his caring to mess every day with those gipsy retainers of his; the mess-tent when the weather was wet being a blanket stretched upon hoops. Setting vulgar speech and coarse manners aside altogether, we think he mentions incidentally that Noah and Zachariah had each but a single suit of clothes, while we remember that they went long marches day after day in weather alternately wet and warm. There is no accounting for taste, it is true, and it is certain Mr. Smith himself seems to have had a very happy time of it. Yet we suspect that his must be a somewhat exceptional character; we doubt whether many of his countrymen will be tempted to follow his example, and we are sure that most of them will repent if they do. He seems blessed with a bright nature and easy temper, and a knack of making the very best of everything; while at the same time he plainly delights in being the centre of admiring groups, and is incapable of imagining that anything can make him ridiculous. It was a bold thing to start for Norway in such eccentric company, carrying his camp and its contents upon asses—a quaint species of animal that is altogether unknown there. In doing this he took the most effectual means of assuring his being stared at wherever he went, and, as a matter of fact, he was more or less mobbed in the most secluded districts he visited. It would seem a doubtful pleasure at best to come in after a hard march to perform your ablutions, toilet, and cookery, and subsequently to sit down to your *al fresco* meal under the curious eyes of a little crowd of profoundly interested peasants. But to stimulate the general interests of the country and to make quite sure that the popular excitement should never flag, the party resolved itself into an ambulant Philharmonic Company. They gave concerts wherever they stopped in the evening, and often at the midday halt as well. Mr. Smith favoured the public nightly with his favourite song of the "Mocking Bird," while even on the line of march the indefatigable Zachariah beguiled the way with the strains of a flute on which he was no great proficient. Most men would have felt that their having no means of communicating with their visitors and admirers added to the awkwardness of what was in any case a trying situation. Mr. Smith seems to have been conscious of no embarrassment of the kind, although he was master of barely a dozen words of Norwegian; and, thanks to his imperturbable good humour and that of his guests, his *soirées* went off very satisfactorily. His gipsies, as we have said, were lively and talkative enough, and their grimaces and gestures were sufficiently expressive, although fortunately the Norwegians understood nothing of their speech. Mr. Smith, however, could check their spirits at the wildest—a convincing proof that he had many of the qualities of a leader. Yet when we read of his breaking off from a romp with them, or of his asking Noah, "as he woke up rather wild," what he would take for his shirt-front of dirty paper, we cannot help thinking that master and followers were in a somewhat false position; and we

* *Tent Life with English Gipsies in Norway.* By Hubert Smith, Member of the English Alpine Club, &c. Henry S. King & Co. London: 1873.

do not wonder that occasionally he had to back up his words with a blow. Mr. Smith will object that we are prigs and unfitted to appreciate the pleasures of a gipsy life. Yet we can hardly sympathize with that stern rule of his small camp which forbade altogether the use of tobacco, or of stimulants, except as medicine. As to the stimulants we say nothing, although it must have been painfully tantalizing to the unlucky gipsies to see their master offering the brandy he denied them to every stranger who visited the camp. But we think it says much for Noah that he did not break out into open mutiny when his tobacco was stopped of a sudden without the semblance of a reason while he was living a life of exposure in the open air, and had neither his master's macintosh nor changes of raiment. The more so that Mr. Smith seems to be a smoker himself when he lives in cities; at all events, he carried cigars about with him, and was as hospitably liberal of them as of cognac. There is another point on which Mr. Smith stands upon the proprieties in a manner that is oddly at variance with his way of travelling and the easy freedom of his camp life. He is so deeply penetrated with a sense of the dignity of authorship that he invariably speaks of himself in that plural number which custom and convenience compel the journalist to assume. The practice sometimes becomes ludicrous, as when he writes of being asked whether "We" had brought our wife with us, as if he and his party had been members of that Indian tribe where woman is indulged with a plurality of husbands.

Mr. Smith's method of travel was this. He slept in a tent made of a couple of blankets stitched together, stretched over a stout ridge pole supported on pliant hoops. Dispensing with a regular bed, he lay on a waterproof and under a blanket. His table-service was naturally of the simplest; a kettle slung from an iron prop played the chief part in his *batterie de cuisine*. His travelling commissariat comprised Australian and other potted meats, hams, cheeses, rice, flour, biscuits, &c., and, above all, tea. For the rest the party depended on the trout which the gipsies caught occasionally, on a purchase of fresh or salted meat at rare intervals, and on the milk, eggs, and *fladbrød* which they could procure almost everywhere at the farmhouses. We cannot say that they lived well, and we are painfully impressed with the monotony of the *menus* that are recorded with such conscientious fidelity. A squatter in the Australian bush may content himself day after day with the eternal mutton, tea, and damper, for obvious reasons. But we cannot, for our part, see why Mr. Smith should have wasted a fine appetite on a diet that was almost as little varied, when he might often have sat down to an excellent meal at the very station-house where he bought his bread. No doubt his plan of life had its advantages and its pleasures. There was a sense of great independence, although that of privacy was wanting; you could stop very much where you pleased, for you had seldom to wander long in search of eligible camping ground; you had never to trouble yourself about *forbuds*, higgie over fresh horses for your carriages, or scramble for beds at the night quarters. But the absence of these worries was perfectly compatible with the enjoyment of the blessings which Providence threw in your way, and nothing but unusual consistency of principle could have enabled Mr. Smith to stick to his tent and his gipsies through the long wet days when there were rooms with roofs and windows to be hired anywhere in the neighbourhood. He does not even convince us that the life his party led was a particularly healthy one, although he never ceases to affirm it with the assurance of complete conviction. "Bronzed by exposure to the hot Norwegian sun," he exclaims enthusiastically, "hardened by rough, spare diet, and continual travel through all weather, ours was indeed a life of health, freedom, and pleasure." As for the health, in spite of citric acid served out as a substitute for vegetables and other anti-scorbutics, the spare diet brought the skins of the gipsies into such fearful condition that they could hardly have suffered more severely from mosquitoes had their blood been poisoned on the West Coast of Africa; and poor Esmeralda in particular was always lamentably bilious if ever a day went by without its ordinary exercise. The pleasure, too, appears to have been often somewhat problematical. We may quote an example of that unflinching optimism of Mr. Smith's which set disagreeable realities at defiance, and steadily resolved to find enjoyment in everything:—"Notwithstanding our tent was pitched on the only available spot, consisting of loose angular stones, in spite of midges and mosquitoes, we were soon sound asleep. The English gipsies in Norway were long past that deplorable state of modern effeminacy when you are unable to sleep comfortably on a gorse bush with a bundle of thorns for a pillow." We are inclined to envy and admire the effects of a month's training, but envy and admiration vanish alike as we read in the very next sentence, "It had thundered and lightened and rained heavily in the night. We were all fearfully bitten with mosquitoes. Noah had been unable to sleep. Esmeralda not much better. Mephistopheles (Zachariah) slept the best."

The most interesting part of the bulky volume is that which relates to their return southwards from Veblungsnoes, the extreme point of their northern journey. It describes the ascent of the Galdhøppigen, the loftiest mountain in Norway, and a route by lofty fields which are but little frequented, along paths which would often have been perilous to any but good mountaineers. As it was, it was no light matter to force the donkeys across the frail wooden bridges fenced with light hand-rails that are often flung across ugly-looking chasms. The animals would hang back, even when they had been disembarassed of their loads, and hauling them over by ropes of bark ingeniously ad-

justed so as to secure the maximum strength of draught could hardly have been either safe or easy. Thanks, however, to pluck and cheerfulness, and the assistance and advice of an excellent Norwegian guide, man and beast arrived in safety at their destination. All this would have made the book more agreeable reading than it is, had it not been for a want of literary art and an absence of all sense of proportion. Mr. Smith makes just as much of such thrilling incidents as dropping a halter on the road or presenting a friendly peasant with an empty sardine tin, as he does of crossing the glacier of the Galdhøppigen or admiring the fall of the Morkfös from the brink of a slippery slope with a rope tied round his middle. Indeed his diary gives us the idea of having been reprinted very much as it was written, and of each day's portion having been written as if it alone might possibly survive. Not only is the daily life that repeated itself with such regularity conscientiously chronicled, down to the minutest details of the meal, but time after time moral, ethnological, and psychological reflections are repeated in almost identical language, as if they had just occurred to the author, and must be entirely new to the reader. Yet with all its sins of omission in regard to that gipsy life which, as we fondly believed, was to give it its special interest, and with all those reiterations with which we could so well dispense, there is something about the volume that makes it very readable after all. Mr. Smith is so frank with us that we cannot help liking him; and his perfect frankness, with his fondness for detailed description, gives an individuality to the other members of his party that makes us follow their fortunes, commonplace as they are, with a certain interest. He might have imparted all the information he gives us in a tenth part of the space; and yet, had he done so, we doubt whether we should have liked his book the better, and we are sure we should have missed much that has amused us. Nor can we take leave of it without remarking that the sketches with which its pages are profusely illustrated are all lifelike, and many of them extremely spirited.

A VAGABOND HEROINE.*

MRS. EDWARDES made a good hit with *Archie Lovell*. An innocent Bohemian, horribly unconventional but not immoral, a tomboy with the potentialities of a charming womanhood when the time came for development, made a fresh kind of character that told well; but *A Vagabond Heroine* simply repeats and exaggerates this original idea, and spoils it. Belinda O'Shea, the vagabond in question, has none of the naive charm that belonged to her prototype, and is infinitely more disreputable. She is over-drawn on more points than one, and it seems to us that, to be true to nature, she should have been made either a trifle less uncivilized or more corrupt. She is a young girl of seventeen, who "knocks about the world" practically alone and unguarded, save for the not too sufficient defence of an old Spanish hound, and the care of a so-called governess, a strong-minded woman who neglects her duties while she fulfils her Mission, and accepts money for undertaking a charge which she abandons. Consequently Belinda passes most of her time in the streets, playing paume with a lot of boys, her "chums," from whom she learns the accomplishments of whistling like one of themselves, and how to garnish her talk with the choicest slang in four languages. Further than this, she dances the bolero like a real Basque peasant, among "three couples of men and girls, all of the lowest order of the people; not a shoe or stocking between them"—her own stockings, by the way, are in holes and of different colours, and her shoes are worn-out sandals of the country, "linen slippers roughly embroidered in scarlet, and bound high above the instep with worsted braid." But besides "all the originality of gesture, the supple strength, the staying power of the peasants," which she "possesses to the full," "she possesses something more, poor child! the graces born of mind as well as matter, the delicate, exquisite alternations of fire and languor, which are the very poetry of true dancing, and of whose seductive charm she is only too profoundly ignorant." To which last clause we rather demur. As still further indications of the character and acquisitions of this Bohemian granddaughter of an Irish earl, it may be mentioned that she adores bull-fights as much as she adores paume and the bolero, knows all the improper stories and highly-flavoured scandal of the doubtful people who come to St. Jean de Luz, is insolent and bitter-tongued, absolutely disorderly, ignorant, and unthrifty, and more facile and direct in her love affair than a savage. This does not seem a very choice groundwork on which to embroider a flourish of womanly graces and seductive possibilities; but Mrs. Edwardes has not been afraid of her difficulties. If she has made her Frankenstein, she has kept it neatly in hand, and Belinda comes right in the end, though she does set out so queerly in the beginning.

The creatures who compose the world that has its being in *A Vagabond Heroine* are singularly unsatisfactory; and to people who have a lingering prejudice in favour of womanly sweetness and manly honour, the characters generally elaborated by Mrs. Edwardes seem scarcely worth the powder and shot wasted on them. Cornelius O'Shea, a weak reproduction of the famous Costigan, and Rose his wife, an incarnation of vanity, folly, and heartlessness, as he is the incarnation of debt, tippling, and false sentiment, are the father and stepmother respectively of the

* *A Vagabond Heroine*. By Mrs. Edwardes, Author of "Ought We to Visit Her?" &c. London: Bentley & Son. 1873.

"Vagabond" whose fortunes are the mainstay of the story. The former she loves, the latter she despises; but the one is not worthy of her affection, and the other is almost too silly for her hate. But though Rose is such a worthless little fool, better men than Cornelius O'Shea find her admirable. It may seem natural that such men as he should feel for her the passion which it pleases them to call love, but it is surely odd that the hero, Roger Temple, should not have been keener-eyed as to her real character, or that, being so infatuated with her person, he should have been so profoundly weary of her society. We think Mrs. Edwardes has missed her way here, and has got entangled in contradictions when she designed only to weave subtleties. Again, how about Roger and Belinda? A man loves or he does not love. If he loves, and is anything better than a mere sensualist, he does not, on the eve of his marriage with one woman, fall headlong into a sudden passionate attachment for her stepdaughter. The dangerous moment was when he returned from India, bringing his ideal in his memory—the young married woman with whom he, as a boy of eighteen, had fallen in love, had had "scenes" and "passages," followed by the tender correspondence of years, and the preservation of faded flowers. That ideal was young, fair, modest, simple, silly always, and heartless always, but with a "sweet" manner that hid the real nature underneath as effectually as plating hides the baser metal. He comes back to find the reality a painted, dyed, simpering, middle-aged woman of fashion, of the most childish vanity and the most tiresome silliness. It was "Flora" as the outcome of "Dora"; but if his old love survived the first shock, and he loved Rose well enough to wish to marry her, and to be actually engaged to her, he would hardly have suffered himself to drift into such questionable relations as those he entered into with his future stepdaughter-in-law. The episode of Lagrinas is in the worst possible taste, and uncomfortably suggestive. Had he been other than the man of high honour and integrity we are told he was, it would not have been so strange. Men of loose morality do odd things, especially in ladies' novels; but being what he is, we do not think Mrs. Edwardes has treated him fairly; to make her virtuous hero, who is a gentleman, act so very like a scoundrel, is surely a piece of literary immorality deserving of censure. We do not say so much about the passionate episode of the past, because it is not much dwelt on; and Roger Temple was then but a boy, although Mrs. Shelmadeane at six-and-twenty ought to have known better. Also, as we are made expressly to understand, the thing never came to real guilt, and was only a boy's passion and a young woman's light-headed coquetry. We can only say that Mrs. Edwardes has chosen a disagreeable line quite unnecessarily, and that she might have devised many other reasons why Rose and Roger should have been separated in their youth, rather than the primary fact of Mr. Shelmadeane, and the secondary fact of Cornelius O'Shea. Mrs. Edwardes, like some of her sisters, has, we suspect, an idea that she can touch pitch and not be defiled, and play with questionable subjects innocently.

Besides these three persons—Major O'Shea, who marries two women, the one for her birth and the other for her fortune, breaks the heart of the one and dissipates the fortune of the other, and sinks into a dirty, dissipated, gin-drinking old insolvent; Rose, his wife, who has three ideas in her head, and only three—her dress, her beauty, and her lovers; and Captain Temple, who falls in love with the stepdaughter while engaged to the stepmother—there are two others, Miss Burke, Belinda's governess, and Augustus Jones, her lover. We scarcely know which of these two is the more objectionable. Perhaps the former is, on the whole, the more thoroughly disagreeable:—

Ten, fifteen years ago, say the traditions of Eastern travellers, Miss Lydia Burke used to haunt the hotels of Egypt and Palestine. She was a prettyish woman then; prettyish, unprotected, and, though not a girl, young enough to be regarded with suspicion by ladies travelling under the legitimate wing of husbands or brothers. Perhaps there were no really queer stories about her—I mean, perhaps none of the queer stories about her had real foundation. That she was in the habit of borrowing money from any man who would lend her money is matter of fact. But in those days, it must be remembered, Miss Lydia Burke had projects of founding ragged Jew schools in the Levant. Who shall say that the loans did not go to ragged Jew schools in the Levant? Later on, she frequented the Alps; unprotected still; still short of money; an indomitable climber; Bloomerish in dress; rather less shunned by ladies than formerly—(alas, her prettiness was fading!) feared exceedingly by bachelor parties of young men, on whom, under various pretexts, she was wont to fasten with a cruel and leech-like tenacity. After this—well, after this, Miss Burke wrote a book *My Experiences*. Then, a little more Bloomerish, a little more faded, financial resources at a lower ebb than ever, turned up in London.

The book, a hash of doubtful Oriental narrative, and still more doubtful Exeter Hall piety, was simply below criticism; but, by one of those outside chances, occasionally to be met with in the world of writing as of men, it sold. It sold, and Miss Burke straightway manufactured a three-volume novel, carefully flavoured with the same kind of spice as before, but with the piety omitted, which did not sell. And then she became Earnest for life; shortened her skirts, had her jackets cut after the fashion of men's coats, wriggled her way, ere long, upon platforms, I think made a speech or two about female suffrage, and began in common conversation to speak of women as Woman. And it was just when she had reached this melancholy turning-point in the downward road that the advertisement in the *Times* brought Belinda O'Shea into her hands.

Augustus Jones is simply a well-to-do snob, who drops his h's, and desiring to match his money with birth, thinks this ragged, unconventional, paume-playing Belinda O'Shea will do as well as any other, and so offers himself as the butt of her insolence and the mark for her satire, till he finally sees that the thing is impossible, and goes back to Clapham wrathful and disgusted. But, just as it is hard to reconcile Roger Temple's actions with the high sense of honour attributed to him, so is it hard to reconcile Belinda's

quasi-engagement to Augustus Jones with her fearlessness, her Bohemianism, and her truth. If the womanly instinct which expresses itself in the love of dress and jewelry was already awakened in her so far that she could gravely reflect on how life would look as Mrs. Augustus Jones, with money to spend in diamonds and lace, and loathing to suppress for the man who gave them, it was odd that she should have consented to go about in the "unwomanly rags" and unlovely fashions so minutely described by Mrs. Edwardes in the second chapter. She had enough money to buy herself a pair of stockings of the same colour, and a pair of new slippers, or she might have demanded them from Miss Burke. As for the theory that a radical change in habits and manners is brought about all at once by falling in love, we deny it as untrue psychology and contrary to experience. The change may be one of quick growth, but there must be some kind of growth. No girl leaps at a bound from such a questionable tomboy as Belinda is, from being a mere *gamin* in a torn frock instead of a torn blouse, into a neatly-dressed, ladylike, well-conducted young person, conscious of her deficiencies, and prepared to accept not a trifling amount of martyrdom to remedy them. The change is too hurried, and the rapidity of the whole action becomes almost grotesque.

We wish our lady writers would leave off drawing these queer, unlikely, and unlovely heroines. Murderesses and *gamins*, idiots and adventuresses, seraphs bred in the mire and angels fashioned out of the dirtiest clay—we are tired of them all. They are fantastic caricatures of human nature rather than sober and life-like portraits; creatures that have no hold on our imagination or our sympathies; made-up specimens to which names are given, but which awaken no associations and give no pleasure. Cabinets of "curios" are all very well, but we prefer statues of natural proportions to odd-looking monsters. And all these unnatural and impossible heroines are as little like the real women of real life as are the six-headed or three-headed goddesses who may serve as emblems, but are absurd as artistic representations.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. SEWARD'S "Travels Round the World,"* narrated by his adopted daughter, Miss Olive Risley Seward, will of course be found to possess considerable interest, even though the distinguished traveller followed a tract which is by this time almost as well-worn as the once popular Grand Tour itself, and though neither himself nor his companions appear to have made any effective use of their peculiar opportunities of observation. They journeyed, as Americans mostly do, in a hurry; and though the rank and reputation of Mr. Seward commanded for them access to scenes which ordinary visitors would be debarred from entering, and to the very highest sources of political information in every country, they seem to have made less use of these advantages than we could possibly have expected. They appear to have been less anxious to obtain information respecting those secrets of Eastern policy and government which are of so much interest and importance to nations connected with the East by commercial and political relations, like England and America, and which have acquired new significance from the great revolution still in progress in the most vigorous and, till lately, the most exclusive of Oriental States, than to enjoy personal interviews with princes and formal communications with Ministers of a nature gratifying no doubt to the curiosity of the party—and especially of the ladies—as displaying the peculiarities of Oriental ceremony and political costume, but not affording any insight into the real politics of China and Japan. We should certainly have expected that a veteran statesman like Mr. Seward would not have visited the latter of these Empires without making earnest attempts to understand the extraordinary events of the last few years. But perhaps to him those events seemed little more than the natural effect of the contact of an intelligent race with European enlightenment and civilization, and Anglo-Saxon power and freedom. As an American Mr. Seward probably shared the belief of the majority of his countrymen that American ideas and institutions must perforce recommend themselves to all who come in contact with them; and that a feudal Empire like the Japanese must go to pieces of itself when touched by the all-penetrating spear of the democratic Ithuriel. As an Abolitionist, he had systematically undervalued those innate distinctions of race which our Indian experience has rendered familiar to Englishmen; and consequently the Japanese revolution may not have been to him—and certainly is not to the lady who records his experiences and conversations—the striking phenomenon that it appears to us. In China the point on which he dwells with most interest is the fact that America had peaceably obtained full participation in all that Europe had extorted by cannon and bayonets; from which, at least in his public utterances, he draws the absurd conclusion that everything that has been obtained by war would have been conceded to pacific methods. In Java he failed to perceive, or the recorder of his remarks fails to note, the existence of the only substitute for slavery that has ever proved effective with a tropical race indisposed to voluntary labour—a system by which the State is the universal master, and directs the labours of the subject race to the profit, not of indi-

* William H. Seward's *Travels Round the World*. Edited by Olive Risley Seward. With numerous illustrations. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

vidual employers, but of the master-community. In Europe the chief interest of the travellers seems to have centred in the French Republic and in M. Thiers as its President; but there is not a remark recorded which indicates on Mr. Seward's part the slightest appreciation of the peculiar difficulties or exceptional conditions of the situation—of the reasons why Republicanism is so hateful to the better minds of France, and is associated in their thoughts with ideas the most repugnant to the Republicans of America. What is really interesting in the volume is the description of life and scenery, which we might meet in the work of any ordinary traveller; what is peculiar is the advantage Miss Seward has enjoyed of seeing for herself, or hearing described by her adoptive father, when fresh from the interview, the leading men of different countries, and the lifelike pictures she gives of their bearing and manners. She saw only what may be called the outside of life in all the countries she visited—scenery, ceremonial, and the best society on its best behaviour; but of all she saw she is a graphic portrayer. The illustrations which show us Japanese, Chinese, and Batavian buildings, dwellings, temples, and offices, and some of the portraits, are striking, if not very novel; the accounts of the few interiors she was permitted to visit are clear and real; and if we had expected less from the book we should probably have considered it a favourable specimen of American books of travel. We may notice that the writer is free from prejudice against England, and, coming on the English Empire on its Eastern side, where it is the representative of order, civilization, and commerce, she is disposed rather to admire and sympathize than to criticize and attack. Altogether the work is very pleasant reading, if not of the very highest order.

Father Thébaud, of the Society of Jesus, has written such an account of the Irish race * as might be looked for from a foreigner and a Jesuit. It would be extraordinary if any learned Roman Catholic, writing on such a subject, did anything like justice to the English conquerors of a race which has for many generations been a principal object of Catholic sympathies, or even recognized the fact that when first invaded they were regarded by Rome as something between heathens and rebels, whom the Norman conquerors were to reclaim to Rome and civilization. It would be yet more extraordinary if a priest could speak candidly of a policy whose primary object, indeed, was to extirpate barbarism and civil anarchy, but which was governed by the belief that anarchy and barbarism were in Ireland inseparably connected with Popery. Least of all can we expect a Jesuit to speak fairly of a Government which treated Jesuits as wolves in human shape, and showed them as little justice or mercy as they, when victorious, have shown to their enemies. Still Father Thébaud is a little wilder in his assertions, and a little more reckless in his partiality, than can fairly be pardoned to his prepossessions and his profession. He ignores the fact that from a very early period the King of England was not only by title, but by repeated acknowledgment of the Irish chiefs, "dominus Hibernie," Sovereign Lord of Ireland; and he denies that the repeated outbreaks of the O'Neils and O'Connors were rebellions punishable by death and forfeiture. Nay, even the Geraldines, whose Norman name and English title of Earl testify to their English allegiance, he treats as victims and martyrs, not as ten times pardoned and ten times relapsing traitors. Of his representation of the rebellion of 1641 and of the subsequent retribution it is needless to say more than that it is what it might have been if the original documents had never been sifted and the story never told by English writers. A very important part of the history of the seventeenth century is missing from the copy sent to us; so we fail to follow him through the history of that famous Act of Attainder which combined nearly every form of injustice, treachery, and bloodthirstiness that could be embodied in a single Act of Parliament. But we may notice that he repeats that ridiculous misrepresentation of the Treaty of Limerick, so conclusively refuted by Lord Macaulay, which insists that Ginkell, who had just peremptorily refused to admit Catholics to municipal offices, engaged to admit them to Parliament; and he further states, in contradiction to other historians, and without quoting authority for the assertion, that a number of Catholics were returned to the first Parliament of William, and expelled by special measures adopted for the purpose. Of the future of Ireland Father Thébaud is of course hopeful. The Catholics are to recover their supremacy, and the right of parading the emblems of their religion through the streets under the eyes of Protestants; and of course the Protestants are to be severely punished if they dare to commemorate by similar processions the victories which saved their fathers from the tender mercies of the Catholic Ambassador who proposed suddenly and treacherously to massacre every Protestant in the island, and of the Catholic General who swept in thousands of women and children, many of them having the written protection of the King he served, to perish under the walls of Derry. But the reverend writer evidently regards with grave dislike the Irish emigration, and tacitly confirms the report that the Irishman, in quitting Munster or Connaught for America, escapes not only the imaginary yoke of the Saxon, but the much more real authority and ascendancy of the priest.

The Fourth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of the Statistics of Labour † reveals the existence of a sharp controversy

* *The Irish Race in the Past and the Present.* By the Rev. Aug. J. Thébaud, S.J. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

† *Fourth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labour; embracing the Account of its Operations and Inquiries from March 1, 1872, to March 1, 1873.* Boston: Wright & Potter. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

respecting the truth of the statements published on some former occasions by the same authority. The object of the Bureau is apparently to prove that in New England, as in the mother-country, the wages received by the lower class of skilled artisans and by unskilled labourers are not sufficient for the support of their families in decency and comfort. This they establish by setting against each other the average earnings of such a labourer and what they assert to be the average expenditure of a family in that rank—i.e. about seven hundred dollars a year. A careful examination of their statements will, we think, satisfy the English reader that the truth, according to his notions of decency and comfort, does not lie quite where the Bureau would place it. It is true that the cost of living in America has risen greatly since the war, and that wages have not risen in the same proportion; but then wages before the war were such as to afford a considerable margin. It is true that we cannot ascertain accurately the amount of deposits or the number of depositors in the savings banks belonging to the working class; but it is evident that the depositors must be numerous and their total savings very considerable. When we look at the accounts of expenditure furnished by the Bureau, we see that families represented to be so ill paid that they can hardly get on are spending from twenty to a hundred dollars on newspapers, books, "recreations," and the like. Wages, even for farm-labour, are confessedly about a dollar and a half per day on the average of the year; and the rate of city wages is still higher. Now in the country food is as cheap as it is here, or cheaper; and in the cities we find working-men complaining of a standard which would satisfy many middle-class families here. We find carpenters earning wages of three and a half dollars a day, and grumbling because they have to work in a draught. We find no distinct account of the present cost of any of the principal articles of food; but hints are given here and there of the quantity and quality consumed which would suggest the idea of luxurious indulgence to too many English labourers. Again, though rents are high, we find families occupying "four or five small rooms," who in London would have to be content with two. Taking all the facts together, we can hardly doubt that the actual reward of the labourer, in clothes, food, and shelter, is higher in Massachusetts than in Lancashire. If it were not, seeing that regions of ample work and abundant wages lie ten days nearer to Boston than to Manchester, we should have to suppose that American labourers were even more unadventurous and stay-at-home than our own.

Old New England Traits * is a little volume professedly of reminiscences of social life and manners, of domestic habits and ideas, in the States of the North-East in the first half of the present century, when the simplicity of colonial life still prevailed in the country districts, and the traditions of a time when nearly all the community consisted of comfortable yeomen, with no want and few superfluities, still lingered in the mouths and influenced the manners of the people. It contains plenty of characteristic anecdotes, and is flavoured strongly by the Puritan humour which Massachusetts inherits from those Pilgrim Fathers who, having been the introducers of tyranny and persecution in the New World, are revered as the champions and martyrs of religious liberty in the Old. In like manner *Men and Memories of Francisco* † recalls the rough wild life, the fierce excitement of the days when the gold fever raged, and in a few weeks peopled California with the most enterprising and the most lawless spirits, with all the scoundrels and adventurers of the world. Such a time could not but furnish an observant spectator with many striking scenes, many memorable incidents, many strange characters, well worthy of being preserved for the entertainment or astonishment of tamer generations. We are bound to say that Messrs. Barry and Patten have somewhat disappointed us; there is far less of originality and force either in their selected subjects or in their style of treatment than might have been expected from men who had lived through that unprecedented time and in the midst of those strange scenes, and had shared the fierce excitement of the universal fever. The book is, in fact, tame and flimsy; savouring more of the forced humour of the professional jester than of the mingled comedy and tragedy, both so intensely real, which are revealed to us by glimpses in all true pictures, however slight, of that strange social anarchy.

The *History of the American Stage* § is nothing more than a biographical dictionary of those who at different periods have figured as ornaments of various American theatres; it is a work whose very arrangement deprives it of any other value or interest than such as attaches to a mere book of reference. *An Essay towards an Indian Bibliography* || is something of the same kind; a list, as perfect as the author can make it, of every work in which the character, history, or fortunes of the native races of America are dealt with, accompanied by fairly sufficient accounts of the

* *Old New England Traits.* Edited by George Lunt. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

† *Men and Memories of San Francisco in the "Spring of '50."* By T. A. Barry and B. A. Patten. San Francisco: Bancroft & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

§ *History of the American Stage.* Containing Biographical Sketches of nearly every Member of the Profession that has appeared on the American Stage from 1733 to 1870. By T. Alliston Brown. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. London: Trübner & Co.

|| *An Essay towards an Indian Bibliography.* Being a Catalogue of Books relating to the History, Antiquities, Languages, Customs, Religion, Wars, Literature, and Origin of the American Indians, in the Library of W. Field. With Biographical and Historical Notes, and Synopsis of the Contents of some of the Works least known. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

contents, purport, and tendencies of the more important or less familiar publications on the subject.

Another addition* to the innumerable list of commentators on Shakspeare reminds us that our great dramatist is almost, if not quite, as much the heritage and the boast of the English beyond the Atlantic as of the English at home. When Shakspeare wrote, their forefathers were still living in their ancient homes, many of them probably ignorant, save by vague rumours, of the character and extent of the newly discovered continent of which Spain claimed exclusive possession; few or none of them had dreamt of visiting it in any other capacity than that of buccaneers; and his fame was rising above all rivalry, if not yet established on its present pinnacle of supremacy, when the Pilgrim Fathers established a colony from which plays, playwrights, and play actors were banished as things scarcely less abominable than Quakers or Papists. Of all our common inheritance of great traditions and glorious memories, nothing is now so familiar or so dear to Americans as Shakspeare's name; no monument of English antiquity so sacred in their eyes as his birthplace and his grave. And neither England nor Germany has furnished more eager or acute inquirers into his meaning and analysts of his genius than the United States. Mr. Hudson treats his subject in a four-fold aspect; he deals with the earlier history of the English stage, so necessarily connected with any just or rational appreciation of its noblest ornament; with the scanty memorials, records, and traditions of Shakspeare's life; with the scope of his art and the character of his genius; and, finally, with the sources of his plays, their purport, and the meaning of the principal figures therein, as conceived by the poet himself. It might seem venturesome to recommend any new work on a subject which, if not inexhaustible, would have been long ago exhausted; but as new commentators on Shakspeare still find readers, we may fairly set down Mr. Hudson's work as worthy of a high place among them.

Mr. Herron professes to have written his *Thoughts on Life and Character*† at by-moments, noting them down rather than elaborating them, and never working upon them as most men work at that which they intend for the public. We can well believe him when we compare his essays with those of more laborious, more modest, and perhaps more ambitious students. Perhaps if he had worked hard at them they might have been polished into more attractive form, and sifted so as to bring their value into some proportion to their bulk. As it is, they seem to us to form no exception to the general rule that an author has no right to offer to the public that which has not cost him the best work of which he is capable; and that, if he does, the public is likely to requite him as he deserves.

Mr. Stafford's memoir of James Fisk‡, is written, printed, and finished in a style worthy of the subject, and we can say no more. It is a book which many people may like to read, and which almost anybody might be ashamed of reading—except a critic, who must perforce read very many less lively, and some more offensive works.

Mr. J. Harris, not the "seer who lives at Poughkeepsie," undertakes an elaborate essay on Centrifugal Force and Gravitation§, to get rid of Kepler's laws, demolish the Newtonian system, and establish a new Theory of the Tides. Unhappily Mr. De Morgan's *Budget of Paradoxes* is closed for ever; and few living men have at once the taste to deal with the like topics and the skill to render them at once intelligible and interesting.

Miss (or Mrs.?) Phelps's *What to Wear?*¶ is a criticism on some of the most glaring and anti-hygienic absurdities of female apparel in its present and recent fashions; a protest sensible and salutary, but likely, we fear, to be about as effectual as the thousand previous remonstrances put forth through the press, and the million expostulations daily uttered by fathers of families, without abating by one hair the weight of the chignon, or by one line the length of the dragging skirt.

Of three American schoolbooks on our table, one is a *Youth's Speaker*¶, or selection of pieces for declamation in prose and verse; a second is a child's (and childish) abridgment of American history**; and the third is a "Short Course of Astronomy"††,

* *Shakspeare; his Life, Art, and Characters. With an Historical Sketch of the Origin and Growth of the Drama in England.* By the Rev. H. N. Hudson. Boston: Grim Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

† *Thoughts on Life and Character.* By S. P. Herron. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

‡ *The Life of James Fisk, Junior.* A Full and Accurate Narrative of his Career, his Great Enterprises, and his Assassination. By Marshall P. Stafford. Published by the Author. New York: Polhemus & Pearson. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

§ *Centrifugal Force and Gravitation.* A Lecture. By John Harris. Montreal: John Lovell. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

¶ *What to Wear?* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "The Gates Ajar." Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

¶ *Cathcart's Youth's Speaker.* Selections in Prose, Poetry, and Dialogues, for Declamation and Recitation; suited to the Capacities of Youth, and intended for the Exhibition Day Requirements of Common Schools and Academies. Illustrated. By George R. Cathcart, A.M. New York and Chicago: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

** *Swinton's Primary United States: First Lessons in Our Country's History, bringing out its Salient Points, and aiming to combine Simplicity with Sense.* By William Swinton, A.M., author of "Condensed History of the United States," "Word Analysis," &c. &c. With numerous Illustrations. New York and Chicago: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

†† *A Short Course in Astronomy and the Use of the Globes.* By Henry Kiddle, A.M., Superintendent of Schools, New York, author of "New Manual of the Elements of Astronomy." New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1871.

which alone of the three seems suited to the purposes of real and effective instruction, or gives us a favourable idea of the teaching to which such works can be adapted.

The *Lynx Hunters** introduces to us once more that group of boy adventurers whose experiences in the woods and on the waters we have already more than once heartily commended to the attention of English lads and the choice of English parents. The "Scintillations"† are a series of passages, chiefly short, from the prose writings of Heine, and, despite the double disadvantage of selection and translation, may well be enjoyed by those to whom the original is inaccessible.

Two works of a scientific character deserve more notice than we can give them here. Major-General Barnard's "Problems of Rotary Motion"‡ come forth under the voucher of the Smithsonian Institute as a highly valuable "contribution to knowledge," accessible only to thorough mathematicians. Mr. E. C. Seaman's "Views of Nature"§ would require from the critic who should attempt to deal with them a close investigation of some very eccentric views, and a refutation of some notions of "nature" utterly contrary to facts supposed by the general body of recognized naturalists to have been clearly and finally ascertained.

* *The Camping Out Series.* Vol. IV. *Lynx Hunting.* From Notes by the Author of "Camping Out." Edited by C. A. Stephens. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

† *Leisure Hour Series.* *Scintillations from the Prose Works of Heinrich Heine.* I. Florentine Nights. II. Excerpts. Translated from the German by Simon Adler Stern. New York: Holt & Williams. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

‡ *Smithsonian Contribution to Knowledge: Problems of Rotary Motion presented by the Gyroscope, the Precession of the Equinoxes, and the Pendulum.* By Brevet Major-General J. G. Barnard, Colonel of Engineers, U.S.A., &c., &c. Washington: published by the Smithsonian Institution. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

§ *Views of Nature and of the Elements; Zones and Phenomena of Nature and of Mind.* By Ezra C. Seaman, author of "Essays on the Progress of Nations," and of a Work on the American System of Government. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

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